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Gift H. Eugene Simmerly
Nov. 28, '33







THE
G I R L ' S
R E A D I N G - B O O K,
OF
PROSE AND POETRY.
FOR SCHOOLS.

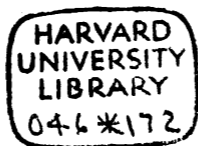
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P R E F A C E .

To read well is a high accomplishment. It is not only graceful in a female, but its results rank among the virtues. It enables her to impart both instruction and pleasure. She may thus make the evening fireside delightful, or the wintry storm pass unheard. She may comfort the sick, and cheer the darkness of the friend whose eye age has dimmed, and instil into the unfolding mind lessons of wisdom. But if she reads ill, she does injustice to the author, to her hearers, and to herself.

Great attention should be devoted to the art of reading, during the elementary part of education. Wrong habits, then formed, are exceedingly difficult to correct. Rapid, confused elocution, false emphasis, monotony at the close of sentences, or in the cadence of poetry, if early indulged, will often be found adhesive through life.

Teachers can scarcely impress too deeply upon their scholars, that the first step towards good reading, is *to be understood*. This probably requires more time and care than to read gracefully. It is like the pedestal to the column, and must be safe and solid, or the superstructure suffers. An audible tone, a clear articulation, a correct pronunciation of every word, and a strict regard to established pauses,

must be enforced, ere the pupil ascends to a higher gradation.

Would that I could arouse both teacher and scholar to greater zeal and thoroughness in this branch of education. I wish every young female in our land, who enjoys the benefit of scholastic training, might persevere in the art of reading, until she is able to convey the delicate shades of thought, of the most refined writer, clearly and agreeably to the mind of another.

I have myself been a teacher. Some of the happiest years of my life were thus spent. Henceforth, all teachers and all scholars are to me as friends. Especially am I interested in the young of my own sex. For them this volume has been framed, on the principle of combining with the accomplishment of reading, sentiments that are feminine in their character, and knowledge that enters into the elements of woman's duty. May it be to them as the voice of a friend, and continue to speak words of instruction and love, long after the hand that prepared it shall moulder in the grave.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 1, 1837.

THE GIRL'S
READING-BOOK.

EDUCATION.

WHAT is a good education? We hear much about it. Who will tell us what it is? Every child in school expects to obtain it. But it is necessary that they should first know what it means.

Is it to get lessons well, and to excel in every study? This is a part, but not all. Some make great progress for a time, and then become indolent. Others are distinguished while they go to school,—but when they leave it, cease to improve.

Is it a knowledge of books? Yes, and something more. It is possible to possess learning, and be ignorant of necessary things. There was a lady who read many books, yet did not know if her dress was in a proper condition, and could not always find her way home, when she went abroad.

Is it to cultivate the intellect? This is not enough. It must also strengthen the moral principles, and regulate the affections. It must fit for the peculiar duties that devolve upon us. It must keep in just balance, and bring forth to healthful action, all the powers that the Creator has given us.

A good education, is that which prepares us for our future sphere of action. A warrior or a statesman, require a different kind of training from a mother, or the instructress of a school. A lady who has many accomplishments, yet is deficient in the science of housekeeping, has not been well educated.

A good education makes us contented with our lot. This, was what an ancient philosopher said, made him happy in an obscure abode, and when he was alone, talked with him. A restless, and complaining temper, proves a bad education.

A good education is a fortune in itself. I do not mean that it will always secure wealth. But it brings something better than the gold that perishes. For this may be suddenly lost. Fire may consume it. Water may overwhelm it. The tempest may destroy it. The thief may take it away.

But that knowledge which enriches the mind, which moderates its desires, which teaches to make a right use of time, and to promote the happiness of others, is superior to the elements. Fire, air, earth, and water, have no power over it. It can rule them as servants. It fears neither rust nor robber. It walks with us into the vale of years, and does not leave us till we die.

What a great evil is ignorance! We can see this by the state of those countries where it prevails. The history of past times will show us how miserable were their inhabitants,—how unfit to judge for themselves,—how stubborn in wickedness,—how low in their pleasures,—how ready to be the prey of the designing.

Look at the man who can neither read nor write. How confused are his ideas! How narrow his conceptions! How fixed his prejudices! How dependent is he on others to convey his sentiments, and to interpret their own! How liable to mistakes! How incapable of forming just and liberal opinions!

Ignorance has been truly called the mother of error. When Galileo first taught the true motion of the earth round the sun, he was treated as a criminal, and thrown into a dungeon. When Columbus revealed his plan of searching for another continent, he was threatened with imprisonment.

When Captain Smith was taken by the North American Indians, and sent a letter to his distant friends, the chiefs met to consult about the mystery of this "speaking leaf," and thought that the man who wrote it was a magician, and must be punished.

If defects in intellectual education lead to such evils,—defects in the education of the heart are still more deplorable. Look at the child whose moral principles have been neglected. Has he a regard for truth? Does he shrink at dishonesty? Is his conscience quick to warn him of a wrong motive? Does he obey his parents? Does he love his teachers? Is he anxious to understand and keep the law of God?

A good education is another name for happiness. We all desire to be happy, and should be willing to take pains to learn how. He who wishes to acquire a trade or a profession,—to build a house, or to cultivate a farm; or to guide a vessel over the sea, must expect to work as an apprentice, or to study as a scholar.

Shall we not devote time and toil to learn how to be happy? It is a science which the youngest child may begin, and the wisest man is never weary of. If we attain the knowledge of many languages, and the fame of great learning, yet fail in that which makes the heart happy and the life good,—our knowledge is but “sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal.”

The objects to be kept in view by all who seek a good education, are to discharge every duty,—to make others happy, and to love good things. May they not be compared to three steps leading to a beautiful house where you wish to go? Each one that you ascend, brings you nearer to the threshold.

The temple of happiness in this world, is the temple of goodness. And the temple of happiness in the world to come, is heaven. There, all the good of every nation meet and dwell together forever. These temples communicate with each other, and a right education is the way of entrance to both.

The different parts of a good education may be called the alphabet of happiness. And from this alphabet is formed a language for angels. That is but a lame education, which stops short of a higher world.

I seem to hear some little voice asking, “when will a good education be finished?—Will it be finished when we have done going to school, or are grown up women?” I tell you it will never be finished, until you die. He alone, who bids the pulse stop, and the cold heart lie still in the bosom, is able to say “it is finished.”

This whole life is but one great school. From the cradle to the grave, we are all scholars. The voices of those we love, and the wisdom of past ages, and our own experience, are our teachers. Afflictions give us discipline. The spirits of departed saints whisper to us,—“Come up hither.”

God's holy Word is our code of laws. He commands us there to “give him our heart,—to remember him in the days of our youth.” May we go to his heaven, as to our father's home, when school is done, and the little hour-glass of our days and nights shall be turned no more.

MEMORY.

"I forgot to get my lesson this morning," said a pupil to her teacher. "Did you forget to come to breakfast?" "No, Ma'am, I did not." "Then your body has a better appetite for food, than your mind for knowledge.

"If you were sick you would not wish for breakfast. You would avoid the sight of food. Perhaps your parents would send for a physician. He would give you medicine. He would seek to remove the causes that had destroyed your appetite. What medicine will you take to restore the health of your mind?"

"Did you not take some pains to prepare yourself for breakfast? You arose, and washed, and dressed, and said your prayers, and were ready to take your seat at the table. Did you bestow equal care on the lessons of the day? For it seems you can remember to take pains when you choose."

"I cannot remember the sermon," said a boy to his father, "and my Sunday-school lesson is too long." "How came you to remember the story that was told you the other evening, and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, which I heard you relate? It seems you can recollect what you like, even if it is long. Am I to conclude that you prefer amusement to religious instruction?"

"Why did you not rise and place a chair for your grandfather when he came in?" said a lady to a little girl. "I forgot it, mother." "How came you to remember to ask me for a new dress yesterday?"

‘Because you told me last summer, that I should have it this spring.’

“Have I not also told you to pay this mark of respect to your aged grandfather whenever he entered the room? Yet you forget it, though it has been often repeated. But you remembered the promise of a new dress which was made six months ago. Is the love of dress stronger than the love of duty?”

Memory furnishes a key to unlock the secret cabinet of feeling and principle. It reveals the hidden springs of character. If you forget moral duties, the memory of the heart is to blame. For the heart has a memory as well as the mind. Is the memory of your heart diseased? Seek to that great Physician who made the heart.

Memory is a criterion of moral taste. For if we naturally cherish those trains of thought which best please us, and if those which are most frequently cherished leave the deepest impressions, then what we remember best, will shew the capacity and temper of our mind.

We see one possessing an accurate knowledge of historical facts, with their dates and eras, and we say he has a taste for history. Another remembers narrative or poetry, and we say he has a taste for works of imagination. Another remembers fashions, amusements, pieces of scandal. Do they not each know, that to an attentive observer, they are holding up a mirror of their mind?

But if it is true, that we can remember *what* we please, and *when* we please, can we also remember

as much as we please? Not without labour. The *quantity* of what we remember, depends as much on industry, as the *quality* does on the taste and turn of mind.

Do you find it difficult to remember what you study? Quicken the motive. If a horse is dull, the rider touches him with the spur. Believe that your memory may be equally under your own control. But you must take pains to acquire that control.

Think of the loss that you sustain in devoting time to the acquisition of knowledge, yet suffering that knowledge to escape. Suppose a farmer, after labouring through the season, should neglect to mow his grass, or to reap his wheat after it had ripened, or to gather his corn into the granary, Suppose a merchant should neglect to balance the accounts of the year, or to call in what was due, or to invest his surplus money where it would be safe and profitable? Would you not say that both the farmer and the merchant were exceedingly unwise? Yet you are more so, if you go to school and neglect to store the treasures of knowledge. For to you, there can be no second season of youth, in which to glean the sheaves you have neglected to gather, or the gold which should have been locked in memory's store-house for the winter of age.

Sometimes you say that you cannot remember. Is it true? If it is, you will always be inferior to those who can. You will be ruled by them, as a blind person is subject to those who see. Are you willing it should be so? If not, open the eyes of your mind, and take good heed of what is written

in useful books, and of all that passes in the temple of science.

It is not to scholars alone, that the retentive power is important. Think of a housekeeper without a memory,—running hither and thither,—forgetting her own directions, and not able to find the articles which she daily needs. Would not her servants take advantage of her, and even her neighbours despise her?

Is it indeed true that you have no memory? Then your mind is a cripple. Put it on crutches, and do with it as well as you can. But do not proclaim its infirmities. Do not say *I have forgotten*, and feel no shame. You do not like to have your faults published. At least you are not bound to proclaim them yourself.

Let us rather believe that you have a good memory, or at least that you will take pains to make it so. If you desired a boy to be active and healthy, would you confine him to the house and to walk always on a carpet? Would you not say to him, "go, and climb the rocks, and work in the open air." So, give your memory daily exercise, and do not shrink from that which is severe.

When you read or hear what you wish to remember, think of nothing else. Fix your attention, till you have done studying or listening. Think it over, and repeat it to yourself, till it is well committed. If it is a lesson, be prepared to recite it without mistake. If it is a lecture, or a sermon, or any thing addressed to the ear, speak of it to others, till it is rendered familiar to yourself.

Every night, before you sleep, review what you have learned through the day. At the close of every week, call memory to account for what you have entrusted to her. Make brief hints in a note-book of the most important subjects, for future use. At the close of each month compare its gatherings with those of its predecessor.

At the close of the year, or on your birth-day, read attentively in your note-book, what you have treasured through that year. Summon memory to draw the hints out at large, and embody them in language. Make a new note-book for the coming year, and write it neatly and legibly, that you may read it easily if you live to be old, and your eyes are dim.

You need not confine this habit of writing brief notes, or texts for memory, to the time that you attend school. It would be well to continue it through life. For as long as we live, we have the privilege of being learners, and this life is a school in which we fit for a higher state of being.

The hints which you will thus accumulate, will furnish good subjects of conversation with your family when you have one, and aid you in teaching your children. They will be as the book of recipes to a housekeeper, to which she refers for the comfort of those she loves. They will supply memory with texts from which she may preach many a profitable sermon when her pulpit is the arm-chair by the fire-side, and her audience a group of listening grandchildren.

When you find in your lessons, or in books that

you read, trains of thought that are difficult to remember, class them with some recollections that are similar, or even in contrast. Associate them with some numerical statement. Cluster them like grapes, when you give them into the hand of memory. Like pearls on a string, they will be less liable to be lost, than when scattered abroad.

I once heard a little girl say, "I have just learned that Jupiter has four moons. Now I will remember it by joining it with other things that have in them the number four. There are four seasons, four middle states, four asteroids, or little planets, and the other *thing of four*, shall be the moons of Jupiter." The child had discovered the principle of numerical association, which is a great help to memory.

"Romulus slew his brother Remus," said a little boy, "and Cain slew his brother Abel. The first-born of Eden and the first king of Rome, were fratricides. One will make me remember the other." Here was resemblance or similitude in fact, assisting the memory. Contrasted images may also be so associated, as to adhere strongly to recollection.

Count no toil too great, that will give vigour to memory. She is to walk with you as a companion through life. It is important that she be healthful and fit for her work. She is the keeper of knowledge. The wealth of the mind is in her casket. She has power over the fountains of pleasure, and of pain.

But she has still an higher office. Her smile can give confidence to goodness, and enter as sunshine

into the soul. Yet dread her frown, if you persist in wrong deeds or feelings. She is a fearful reprob. She is in league with conscience, and has power to lift its scourge.

Memory is the informer at the bar of judgment. If she slumbers *here*, she will awake *there*. She will stand forth and bear witness of you, when the "dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened, and all shall be judged from the things that are written in the books, according to their works."

ORDER.

“Mother, will you please to tell me if you have seen my thimble?”—“Martha, I thought you had a place for your thimble.”—“So I have, dear mother, but it does not happen to be *in* the place.”

To have a place for things, and not keep them in it, is like having wise laws, and paying no regard to them. A nation will not be the better for its laws, unless it enforces them; nor a child for being told its duty, unless it tries to obey.

Martha's fault, was a want of order. Her working-materials were scattered about the house. She was obliged to spend much time in searching for them. When the school-bell rang, some of her books could not be found. Perhaps, her bonnet, or shawl, or gloves, were mislaid.

She felt ashamed to be so often inquiring for what she ought to have kept in their own place. So, she sometimes went without necessary articles, and was unprepared at school, or looked slovenly in the street.

She was a little girl of a good disposition. But this fault occasioned her to be much blamed. And instead of being cheerful with a consciousness of right conduct, she was often disgraced and unhappy.

When she grew up, she carried these careless habits into her housekeeping. Though she had a kind heart, there were disorder and discomfort in her family. Nothing was in its right place. Her work was done by the hardest, for want of the proper materials.

She was always in a hurry. This is an evil which comes upon those, who have not the spirit of order. Her countenance, which used to be pleasant, soon wore a troubled and bewildered expression. Wrinkles came over her forehead, before it was time to be old.

Though she was naturally amiable, this sad fault spoiled her temper. Her children imitated her, and kept none of their things in the right place. One would be heard complaining that a hat or cloak could not be found, and another bewailing a lost doll, or broken play-things.

The mother fretted loudly at her little ones, for faults that grew out of her own want of order. She had a cousin, whose name was Mary. They lived near each other, and were of the same age. When they were young, they often played together, and sat on the same bench at school.

Mary took good care of all that was entrusted to her. When she had done sewing, her needle was returned to the needle-case, and her thimble and scissors to the work-basket. Her knitting was neatly rolled, and replaced in its bag.

Her garments were folded, and laid in the drawers and trunks where they belonged. Her bonnet was hung in the spot allotted to it, as soon as she entered the house, and her school-books laid on that part of the shelf, which she was permitted to call her own.

At school, her pens and ink were in good order, and she never blotted her paper, or her desk. She had no need to borrow, and if it had been dark, she

could have laid her hand upon all her things,—for she remembered their places, and knew that they were there.

She had fewer things than her cousin Martha, because her parents were not so rich. But she had more that were ready for use. Her clothes lasted longer, and looked more neatly. For she had been taught to mend them, the moment that they needed it, and to fold each garment when she took it off at night.

When she had a house of her own, every article in it had a place, and all who used it, were required to put it there. One of her first rules to her children when very young—was, “a place for every thing; and every thing in its place.” And she obliged them to obey this rule. So her family were in order, and its daily labour went on like clock-work.

Her countenance was pleasant and peaceful; like one who does right. And though she was not as handsome as Martha, it was more agreeable to look at her, because she was never in a hurry.

Her quietness of mind seemed to proceed from a sense of justice, or of doing her duty even to inanimate things: for we owe a duty to every article in our possession, and to every utensil with which we work; the duty of keeping them in order, and a good condition.

Sometimes, when I have called on these cousins, and found one fretting and bustling about, and the other placid and happy in her industry, it has re-

minded me of a picture, that I once saw when I was a child.

It was called the picture of the sisters of Bethany. You will remember that their names were the same as those of the two cousins, Martha and Mary. One, with a complaining, care-worn face, seemed indeed "cumbered with much serving;" the other wore that sweet, peaceful smile, which said plainer than words, that she had chosen the "good part."

And in visiting many families, both in the city and country, I have observed that order and industry, were the two hands by which a housekeeper takes hold of her work, and makes the members of her household comfortable.

THE CHILDREN'S FIRST WALK TOGETHER.

They passed together, out of their father's gate, a little girl and boy. Their quick steps were short and unequal, as if they had trodden only on the nursery-carpet, or the smooth gravel walk of the garden.

They took their way along the village street. It was bordered with fresh grass. They were pleased that it swelled into little mounds and again descended,—and they thought every hillock was a mountain.

They admired the daisies, and king-cups,—and when a robin flew by, they said,—“Bird, are these your flowers?—may we pick some of them?” Then they discovered a small brook, that went gurgling along, and stood wondering upon its pleasant banks.

The sister's arm was over the neck of her brother. She was the eldest one. And tenderly she watched over him. If the swift wheel rushed by, or the wide-horn'd ox seemed to press too near, or the dog with open mouth paused as if regarding him, the same motherly care sat upon her sweet brow, as will hereafter take root there, when she rocks the cradle of her own babe.

The bold, beautiful boy was glad to be free. He often looked back, till he saw that neither nurse or servant followed. Then he tossed his white arms high over his head, and shouted out his first joy of liberty.

But there was an eye that followed them. It never lost sight of them a moment, until they seemed but as specks, far away, among the green trees.

It was the eye of a mother, and in her heart she said, "can any evil come to those so fair and innocent? Will not their very purity be their protection? Surely, angels will 'bear them up in their hands, lest they dash their foot against a stone.'"

Then she mused further, and continued speaking, though none were near to answer. "Not long, not long, can ye travel thus together,—so lovely, so unharmed. There are snares and thorns for every pilgrim, in the path of life.

"Neither may ye walk thus, side by side,—loving as with one heart. Ye must be divided. Who can tell your different paths? None, save He to whom the mother ever lifteth her heart.

"But at one point ye will arrive. At the lonely tomb. There will ye lie down; and rise up no more. Whether on the wide waters, or the far western prairies, where the bear, and the hunter, and the fur-trader dwell; or beneath Indian skies, where the gold ripens; or amid the rude northern seas, where the harpooner pierces the whale;—to one place ye must come—to the grave, your last bed.

Little daughter, what shall be thy lot? To love, and to bear life's burdens, with a troubled, yet faithful spirit? Methinks I see thee nursing thine own infant, as I have nursed thee, stooping down to catch its fervent breath, as I have watched sleepless by thy side, when sickness came.

"Wilt thou sit at last, with thy thin, white locks, teaching lessons of wisdom to thy children's children? Wilt thou lift thy dim eye to heaven, and charge them to seek Him early, who giveth strength

when flesh and heart fail, and when the tottering feet enter the dark valley of the shadow of death?

“Or art thou to be cut down in thy blossom, in the faint green of thine unfolding leaves? Shall thy mother lay thee in thy last cold bed, and come nightly to weep there? Shall the hands that cherished thee in the cradle, plant a young white rose on thy turf pillow, an emblem of thy simple innocence? Who can tell?”

The mother looked upward and said, “Thou, God, knowest.” And when she had prayed, there came a trusting smile over her countenance, which seemed to say that her dear ones were his, and that he loved them, and would do no wrong to them, or to her.

Then she heard the sweet voices of her children returning, like the chirping of young birds, who have newly ventured from their nest. And she went forth to welcome them, and kissed their bright, ruddy cheeks, rejoicing in them, and in Him who gave them.

THE BOY AND HIS GARDEN.

A child held in his hand a slight, leafless shoot. It was like a supple, green wand. Yet it had been newly cut from the parent tree, and life was secretly stirring in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot in the piece of ground that he called his own. He planted it there in the moist earth. He came often to visit it, and when the rains of summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool hour of sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to circulate through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downwards. Soon, around the head, there burst forth a garland of pale green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it became a small tree. As fast as its branches came forth, they drooped downwards to the earth. The cheering sun smiled on them,—the happy birds sang to them: but they drooped still.

“Tree, why art thou always sad and drooping?—Am I not kind unto thee? Do not the showers visit thee, and sink deep to refresh thy root? Hast thou a sorrow at thy heart?” But it answered not. And as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower. For it was a weeping willow.

The boy cast a seed into his soft garden mould. When the time of flowers came, a strong budding stalk stood there, with coarse, serrated leaves. Soon

there came forth a full, red poppy, glorying in its gaudy dress.

At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished. It lived lovingly with the wild mosses, and the frail flowers of the grass, not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Large poppy, why dost thou spread out thy scarlet robe so widely, and drink up the sunbeams from my lonely violet?" But the flaunting flower replied not to him who planted it.

It unfolded its rich silk mantle still more broadly, as though it would fain have stifled its humbler neighbour. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the meek violet, nursing its infant buds.

The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he told his mother of the tree that continually wept, and of the plant that overshadowed its neighbour. She took him on her knee, and spoke so tenderly in his ear, that he remembered her words when he became a man.

"There are some who, like thy willow, are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies shine upon them. And there are others, who, like the poppy that thou didst reprove, are haughty in heart, and despise the humble, whom God regardeth.

"Be thou not like them, my gentle child. But keep rather in thy heart the sweet spirit of the lowly violet, that thou mayest come at last to that blessed place which pride cannot enter and where weeping is never known."

THE SUMMER SUN.

THE eastern sky is rich with prevailing light. What a beautiful saffron colour marks the horizon. Now, it spreads more widely around. In one spot there is peculiar brightness. A few rays shoot up, as heralds of some distinguished guest. Then the glorious sun appears, the eye of the world.

It is not to our earth alone that he dispenses light and heat. Other planets rejoice in his brightness. Moving around these are still smaller bodies, like children with their parents. The sun has a large and beautiful family. Is he not like a patriarch with his eleven children, and his eighteen grandchildren?

He sits on the chief seat among them, cheering them with his gifts. Do you know some bountiful person making the hearts of others glad? Have you a benevolent friend whose warm smile makes you happy? They may be compared to the sun "rejoicing in the east." Let them also remind you of Him who made the sun, in "whom the outgoings of the morning and of the evening rejoice?"

Hark, the birds sing. Some soar high with a graceful movement, into the clear, blue sky. The flowers, sparkling with dew, lift their bright eyes to their Benefactor. A fresh and grateful odour goes up from the green forests. Every plant and leaf seems to partake of a new joy.

There was a statue in ancient Egypt called the statue of Memnon, which was said at sunrise to utter

an articulate sound. So ought the most silent and cold heart, to speak forth praise for the gift of every pleasant morning.

Turn to your protector in heaven, who has given you the repose of sleep. Kneel and thank him for his care. Many through this day will suffer pain and sickness. Ask him to keep you in health and usefulness. Many will weep over dying friends. Ask him to hold in life those whom you love.

Some, ere the setting of this sun, will fall into temptation. Ask him to preserve you in the path of duty and of peace. Some will be taken out of the world. Should you be of that number, ask him to make you fit to enter heaven. He alone is able to do these things for you. His blessing is like the sun to the plants of virtue in your soul.

Be sure to rise with the sun. Do not let him surprise you in bed. Pay him the respect to get up and meet him. Let your morning hours be industriously spent. Dr. Franklin said, "if you lose an hour in the morning, you may run all day and not overtake it." How true it is! "Hours have wings," said another wise man.

See, it is noon. The sun has reached the meridian. The groups of children returning from school feel the heat. The labouring ox is permitted to rest awhile, as well as his master. The horses in the stage-coach pant, and are glad to draw near the tavern. The cows like to stand in the quiet stream. How refreshing are the shady trees. What a comfort is the pure, cool water.

Now, the little Chinese child sleeps on the breast

of its mother. There are no men working in the rice plantations. The boats which are used instead of houses, lie motionless on the rivers, with their many twinkling lights. The little nests utter no chirping sound. All is still. For it is midnight in China, when it is noon-day here.

The sun's journey is half completed. Is your own work for the day half finished, and well done? Look up to your Father in Heaven, for continued aid. Good works must be "begun, continued, and ended in him." It is not enough to ask his favour in the morning, and then forget him through the day. "Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray," said David, the king of Israel.

But the sun is at the west. He is about to forsake us. What a glorious show of clouds, purple and crimson and gold colour. They are his parting tokens, to remember him by, till he comes again. How they change, and mingle, and kindle, and fade. Not the proudest monarch goes to rest under such a brilliant canopy.

Twilight is a lovely season. It is a little stopping place, between day and night. It is a shady cell for thought to enter. It is the cleft of a rock, where we may hide from the company of cares. A Scotch writer says, it is the "quiet time, when the shuttle stands still, before the lamp is lighted."

Now the last ray of light has faded. Sleep begins to unfold her curtain. The birds go to their chambers among the green boughs. They close the wearied wing, and their little ones slumber beneath it. The domestic fowls prepare for the coming

night. The hen goes to its porch in the barn, and the turkey mounts the branches of the trees, rocking with every wind.

Soon it will be time for us to retire. The active limb, and the thinking brain, need repose. But we will not go to rest, till we have examined our own conduct. We will talk with ourselves, seriously and alone.

Where have we been this day? What have we learned, that in the morning we knew not? Who have shown us kindness? To whose comfort have we added? What have we spoken that we ought not to have said? What have we left undone, that we ought to have done?

We will not rest in our bed, till we have answered these questions. We will not lie down, like the burdened camel, with any wrong thing for which we have not asked forgiveness of God, or with the memory of any mercy for which we have neglected to thank him, lest our sleep should not be sweet, nor our hearts healthful, nor the next rising sun our friend.

THE EIDER-DUCK AND THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE Eider-Duck is a fine bird. It is brown or white, and sometimes of other colours. It has a black crest on its head, like a little crown. If it lives to be old, its bright plumage turns gray.

It is found in countries near the poles. It does not fear the cold, for it is covered with a soft, warm down. He who gave fur to the bear, and a coat of wool to the sheep, clothed this bird with a downy robe, that it might resist the winter.

It is fond of its young, and takes kind care of them. The mother-bird builds a good nest, and lines it with the down from her own breast. She plucks it off, and willingly bears the pain, that her little ones may be warm and sheltered.

The eider-down is much valued. It is an article of commerce. It is used for the covering of beds, and to stuff cloaks and hoods, and to trim other articles of clothing.

People are so desirous to get it, that they sometimes tear in pieces the nest which the poor bird has lined for her young. This they call the *live down*, and prefer it to what they pluck from the birds after their death. They also climb high rocks, to obtain their eggs for eating.

The eider-duck is found in great numbers, amid the perpetual snow and ice of Greenland, Iceland, and Norway. Sometimes they are seen in the neighbourhood of our great lakes, and in the northern parts of the United States.

A father was once walking with his little son. He carried a gun upon his shoulder. Suddenly he pointed it at something upon a rock above his head. It was a large bird who seemed hard at work, spreading out her wings, and bowing down her head, and leaping up.

"Dear father; what is she doing?" "Tearing the down from her breast, to make a soft bed for her little ones." "Does it not give her pain?" "Yes, but she loves them better than herself."

The boy gazed earnestly at the eider-duck. "Father, how long is it since we moved into this new, cold country?" "Two years, my son."

"I remember the first winter that we came here. My mother took us children to see the only neighbour that we had. It was a long way to walk, and soon after we left to return home, it began to snow.

"The feet of the youngest girl tottered with weakness. So, my mother took her in her arms. She toiled on with her through the storm, and against the wind. She took the only shawl from her shoulders and wrapped it around the child, pressing her close to her bosom.

"Ah! how glad were we to see, at last, the lonely light streaming from our own window. It seemed like a star of heaven. When we got home, the little one was warm, but our poor mother was cold and faint and sick.

"She had deprived herself of her own covering, that the child might be sheltered. And she did not

complain, because she loved the child. Was she not a good mother?"

The father did not answer. And when the son looked up, he saw that there was a tear in his eye. "Is not the eider-duck a good mother? See, she bares her own breast for her little ones. Dear father, let her live." So the father had compassion on the mother-bird, and spared her that she might take care of her young.

The Bird of Paradise differs from the eider-duck, by living only in warm climates. It is never found many degrees from the equator. Its plumage is exceedingly beautiful. The side feathers of the wing float out to a great length, and are of various brilliant colours.

They principally inhabit New Guinea, and the Spice Islands. They pass and repass in flocks of thirty or forty, conducted by a leader. They are very careful to consult the state of the wind, and always move against it, in order to preserve their voluminous train of feathers in good order.

Sometimes the wind suddenly changes. Then their sweeping plumage becomes entangled, and the pride of their glorious beauty is their overthrow. They fall to the ground and are taken by the natives, or into the water and are lost.

They are all distinguished by their splendid attire. They differ from the eider-duck, as the fashionable lady does from the domestic and devoted mother. It is only for ornament that they are prized by the inhabitants of the east. The nobles of Per-

sia, Surat, and the East Indies, are anxious to obtain them to wear upon their turbans.

There are twelve or fifteen different species. The most elegant of these is called the Great Bird of Paradise. It is of a cinnamon colour, with a throat of golden yellow, and the body is small. It measures two feet from the bill to the extremity of its floating train.

The natives had a tradition that they dwelt in the sky, and never touched the earth till their last hour. Some travellers mention, that to prevent the detection of this error, they are so cruel as to cut off their feet ere they sell them. It is this species of the bird of paradise which has sometimes been called "the footless fowl of Indian fable."

LESSONS IN THE FIELDS.

WHEN I was a child, I knew an old, gray haired man. Years had brought him wisdom, and he was kind as well as wise. So, I loved him, and rejoiced when I saw him coming towards me, leaning upon his staff.

Once, as he talked with me, he said, "I know a way to be happy. I learned it in the fields." Then I entreated him to teach it also to me. But he answered, "Go forth into the fields, among living things, and learn it there for thyself."

I went forth, and looked attentively upon all that moved around. But no voice spake, and no eye regarded me. So, I returned to the aged man, and when he asked what I saw in the fields, I replied:

"I saw the brook flowing on among sweet flowers. It seemed to be singing a merry song. I listened, but there were no words to the music. The sparrow flew by me with down in her beak, wherewith to line her nest, and the red-breast with a crumb she had gathered at the door, to feed her chirping young.

"The ducklings swam beside their mother in the clear stream. The hen drew her chickens beneath her wings, and screamed to the soaring hawk. The spider threw out threads like lines of silver. She fastened them from spray to spray, and ran lightly on the bridge made from her own body.

"The snail put his horned head through the door of his house of shell, and drew it suddenly back.

The ant carried in her pincers a grain of corn, and the loaded bee hastened to her hive, like a labourer to his cottage.

"The dog came forth and guarded the young lambs. They frisked fearlessly by the side of their mothers, who with serious faces were cropping the tender grass. All seemed full of happiness.

"I asked of them the way to happiness. But they made no reply. Again and again I exclaimed, 'which of you will teach me the way to be happy?' And only echo answered, repeating '*happy, happy,*' but not telling me how to become so."

"Hast thou looked upon all these," said the aged man, "and yet received no instruction? Did not the brook tell thee, it might not stay to be idle, but must haste to meet the river, and go with that to the ocean, to do the bidding of ocean's king?"

"Did it not say to thee, that it found pleasure by the way, in refreshing the trees that stretched their roots to meet it, and in giving drink to the flowers that bowed themselves down to its face, with a kiss of gratitude?"

"Thou didst see the birds building their nests among the cool, green branches, or flying with food to nourish their unfledged young. And couldst thou not perceive, that to make others happy is happiness?"

"The young duck gave diligence to learn of its mother the true use of its oary feet, and how to balance its body in the deep waters. The chicken obeyed the warning to hide itself under the shelter-

ing wing, though it was ignorant of the cruelty of the foe from which it fled.

“And did they not bid thee seek with the same obedience the lessons of thy mother, who every day teacheth thee, and every night lifteth up a prayer that thy soul may escape the destroyer and live forever ?

“The spider’s silken bower was swept away, and she began another without murmuring or despondence. The snail willingly put forth all her strength to bear her house upon her back ; and the ant cheerfully toiled on with a load of corn to her winter store house.

“Thou sawest that the bee wasted not the smallest drop of sweetness that lingered in the honey-cups, or among the bells of the flowers. . And came there no voice to thee from all these examples of patience, and prudence and wisdom ?

“Thou didst admire the shepherd’s dog protecting the helpless, and zealously doing the bidding of his master. How couldst thou fail to understand that faithful continuance in duty is happiness ?

“From all these busy teachers came there no precept unto thee ? When each gave thee lessons, wert thou deaf to their instruction ? Did not the fields lift up their hands, and tell thee that industry was happiness, that idleness was an offence both to Nature and to her God ?”

Then I bowed down my head upon my bosom, and my cheek was crimson with shame. Because I had not understood the lessons of the fields, and was ignorant of what even birds and insects taught.

But the man with hoary hairs comforted me. So, I thanked him for his tenderness and wisdom. And I took his precepts into my heart, that I might weigh them and find if they were true. And though I was then young, and now am old, I have never had reason to doubt that these lessons of the fields were good, and that to do the will of the Creator is happiness.

EASY STUDIES.

I heard two girls, as they conversed. One said, "I am sure I should not like to attend your school. You have longer lessons than I choose to learn. Besides, I think they give you too hard studies. I always prefer easy studies, and short lessons."

Afterwards, as I reflected, I could not help saying to myself,—“Now, I am afraid, that this lover of *short lessons*, and *easy studies*,—if she lives to grow up, and have the care of a family, will choose only *easy things*, and become indolent, and negligent in her duties.

“I am afraid that when she is a woman, and any difficult thing presses on her, as it surely must, she will be discouraged, or perhaps unamiable. For a love of ease leads to selfishness, and selfishness to an unhappy disposition and wrong conduct.”

I once heard an excellent old lady say to her grand children, “If you will do nothing but what is easy, you will be neither a good mother, or a good housekeeper. Your children will be neglected, and your house out of order. You will complain of *bad help*, and *no help*, for the care that is necessary to make domestics faithful at their post, and contented to remain there, you certainly will not be willing to take.

“The little girl,” said she, “who will not learn to do this, or that, because it is hard, will be apt to belong to that class, who do not like to keep house, and must go to board, to live easy. But in trying to

escape what they call troubles, they lose all those pleasures of home, which make parents respectable, and children happy."

The scholar, who loves only easy studies, and short lessons, if she carries those habits of mind into future life, will be in danger of becoming either a vixen, or a drone. When cares and crosses meet her, she will murmur under their burden, or decline the labour that they impose.

It is a loss to know how to do nothing but what is easy. Strength of intellect is acquired by conquering hard studies, and strength of character by overcoming obstacles. She who is not willing to contend with difficulties, is not fitted for this world. The being who best knows for what end we were placed here, has scattered in our path something besides roses.

Especially is it a fault in our sex, to like only easy things. Our business is to seek the happiness of others rather than our own. Selfishness, in us, is sin; for it wars with the design of our Creator. And none can oppose his will, and be happy.

Avoid, therefore, the determination to choose short lessons, and easy studies, lest the habits thus cherished, should make you a self-indulgent and helpless woman. Gird yourself up to the race of life. Resolve that whatever your duty to God and man requires, you will perform diligently and faithfully.

The females of ancient Rome had a power of endurance, and a contempt of hardships, which caused them to be respected, even in a rude age. The daughters of our republic, ennobled as they

are by higher knowledge, and a purer faith, ought surely not to be less energetic, or less disinterested.

The increased advantages of education, now enjoyed by the young, heighten the expectations of their friends, and their responsibilities to God. Their minds are no longer fettered, or held in darkness. Every talent finds fitting employment in the broad field of christian duty and benevolence.

Time was, when the temple of Science was barred against the foot of woman. Heathen tyranny held her in vassalage, and Mahometan prejudice pronounced her without a soul. Now, from the sanctuary which knowledge and wisdom have consecrated, and from whence she was so long excluded, the interdict is taken away.

How will she receive the permission? How will she prize the gift? Will she loiter at the threshold of this magnificent temple? Will she amuse herself in the outer courts, with those brief and gaudy flowers, which spring up where is "no deepness of earth?" Will she advance a few steps, and boast of her own attainments, and twine the garland of vanity around her brow, and be satisfied with ignorance?

Or will she press to the inmost shrine of the temple of knowledge, among those patient and zealous worshippers, whose "candle goeth not out by night?" Dear young friends, who are favoured with the privileges of education, these questions are for you.

On those of mature age, habit has fastened her chains, and set a seal on character. With you, it is the forming period, the time of hope. Allurements to indolence and vanity surround you. Rise

above them. Fix your standard high. Take for your models the wisest and best of your sex.

Be active, while the dews of the morning are fresh around you. Soon, the sun will oppress you with its noon-day heat. It will find you toiling in steeper paths, and wearied beneath heavier burdens. Then you will wish to be refreshed with the rich fruits of a refined intellect. May you not have to take up the lamentation, "mine own vineyard have I not kept."

The time must soon come, should your days be prolonged, when you will be young no more. Life will then be like a "twice-told tale." The present will be disrobed of novelty, and the future of its charm, and the mind will turn for solace to the gatherings of the past. Furnish now your intellectual store-house for that day of need.

Be willing to labour for knowledge, to learn long lessons, and to encounter difficult studies. Seek it with a tireless spirit, and so use it, that all within the sphere of your influence may rejoice in your mental and moral excellence and be quickened by your example to seek for "glory, honour, immortality, eternal life."

OBEDIENCE.

NEXT to your duty to God, is your duty to your parents. He has made them your guides, because they are wiser than you, and love you better than any other earthly friends. You cannot always understand the reason of their commands. It is not necessary that you should. If you live to be as old as they are, you will perceive that their restraints were for your good.

Think of the miseries of orphanage. The greatest loss that can befall a child, is to be deprived of pious and affectionate parents. While such blessings are continued to you, never be so ungrateful as to distress them by disobedience. It is but a slight payment for all their watchings over your infancy, their care for your comfort, and patience with your errors, to do faithfully and cheerfully the things that they desire.

When your parents are absent, observe their commands with the same fidelity as if they were present. The child who obeys only when under the eye of a superior, has not learned obedience. He, who seeth at all times, and in every place, is displeased with those who deceive their parents. He hath promised to reward those who "honour their father and their mother."

The principle of obedience, is the principle of order and happiness. If there were no subordination in families, what comfort would be found there? If pupils refused to obey the directions of their

teachers, what benefit could they receive from their instructions? If in nations, the laws were disregarded, what safety would there be for the people?

Let the principle of obedience be rooted in love. Take pleasure in obeying the commands of your superiors. Even if you should have an opposing wish, let there be no reluctance of manner or countenance. I doubted the obedience of a child, whom I once heard say to his mother, "I will go, when I have done one or two little things."

But when I heard afterward, the mother asking earnestly, "*did you do as I bade you?*" I knew that he was not an obedient child, though I did not hear his answer. For if obedience had been habitual, his mother would not have felt it necessary to inquire if he had regarded her commands. She would not have feared that he had neglected them, if his heart had been in his duty.

It is ill-treatment of our dearest friends, to yield to their wishes with a frowning brow, or a disagreeable deportment. Convince your parents and instructors by your attentions and alacrity, that you are thankful for the trouble they take, in advising and directing you.

No greater evil could happen to the young, than for their older and wiser friends to withdraw their control, and abandon them to their own inexperience. If your superiors gave you a piece of gold, you would doubtless express your gratitude. But when they impart to you of their wisdom, they give you that which is of more value than gold.

When you are in school, feel it a privilege to be

there, and give your time and thought to the employments which your teachers mark out for you. Keep all their rules. Consider it dishonourable to break them. Make the wishes of your instructors your own, and then you will acquire knowledge, with pleasure to yourself and to them.

Treat old persons with respect. This is too apt to be forgotten by the young, though the Bible commands, "to rise up before the face of the old man, and honour the hoary head." We should fear to be irreverent to those, whom the Almighty has enjoined us to honour.

The natives of this country, were observed by our ancestors to be exemplary in their treatment of the aged. The young rose up and gave place to them. They bowed down reverently before them. They solicited their opinion, and listened attentively till they had done speaking.

The young men of the forest stood silent in their councils, when the gray-haired chieftains opened their lips. We should not be willing to have the untutored Indian surpass us in a duty so graceful. You remember that when a hoary-headed man once entered a thronged assembly in Athens, and there was no seat, the young people were so rude as to laugh at his embarrassment. But when he was in a similar situation at Sparta, the young arose and made room. "The Athenians *know* what is right," said he, "but the Spartans *practise* it."

May it never be said of us, that we understand our duties, but disregard the obligations they impose. Whenever you meet an old person, remem-

ber the command of God, and treat him with respect. Years have given him experience, and experience is worthy of honour. Withhold not the reverence that is his due. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Shew respect to magistrates, and to all who are in places of authority. There would be fewer mutinies and revolutions, if children were trained up in obedience. Distinguish yourselves by submission and deference towards all whose station or virtues claim them as their due. It was said of Washington, by his mother, that "his first lesson was to obey." Those best know how to direct others, who have themselves been taught subordination.

By faithfully discharging your first and earliest obligations, you will be prepared to act well your part in future life. You will maintain good order in your own families, and honour just government in the land. And if you live to be old, and have only a few gray hairs where your bright locks now grow, you will deserve from the young the same cheerful obedience and grateful respect which you have yourself shown to your superiors.

THE GOOD DAUGHTER.

ELLEN'S mother died, when she was scarcely thirteen years old. Her only brother had died the winter before. Her two sisters were married, and had removed to so great a distance, that she seldom heard from them. She was quite alone with her father.

When her mother first died, she felt as if she never could be happy again. But when she saw her father looking so sad, she thought it was her duty to try to comfort him; and when he came in tired from his work, she would set a chair for him, and get him whatever he wanted, and speak pleasantly to him, as her mother used to do.

She remembered how her mother made bread, and was ambitious to make it in the same way. She proportioned the articles just as she had seen her do. When she kneaded the dough, she used all the strength in her little arms. She took great pains to have it light, and to bake it well, and when she placed on the table the first loaf that she had ever made, she could not help weeping for joy, to hear her father say, "Child, this tastes like your mother's bread."

She had often assisted in churning, but had never taken the whole charge of making butter. But she was anxious to try. She was careful to keep her milk-pail and pans very clean and sweet. In working over the new butter, she patiently removed every drop of butter-milk, because she had heard her

mother say that this was necessary in order to have it good.

The neighbours were pleased with the industry of the little girl, and encouraged her in her house-keeping. She could not but miss her mother sadly, and many times a day grieved for her loss. But she went by herself to weep, for she said, "I will not make my poor father more sad by my sorrow. He has enough of his own to bear."

When winter evenings came, she swept the hearth neatly, and placed the light on the little stand, and sat down by his side with her needle. Her mother had thoroughly instructed her in plain sewing, and while she mended or made garments, her father read aloud to her. He began to be comforted by the goodness of his daughter, and she perceived that the tones of his voice grew more cheerful in the evening prayer, and when he bade her good-night.

Her father worked hard every day. She had often heard her mother say that they were poor, and must economize. So as she grew older, she studied how to save expense. She knew that her mother made several very comfortable dishes with but a little meat. So she learned to prepare soup in the same way. Also, by putting thin layers of meat, with a little pepper and salt, and some broken pieces of bread, in a small pot, with a plenty of vegetables from their own garden, and covering them close until all was thoroughly stewed, a very nourishing dish was ready, when her father came home to dinner.

They had near the door, a tree of nice sweet ap-

ples. Some of these she pared and laid in a deep pan, mingling them with a few sour apples to produce a pleasant flavour, and covered the whole with a thick crust, which she broke after it was baked, and plunged into the warm apple-sauce. This made a kind of pie of which her father was fond.

He also liked puddings, and she learned to make several cheap and good ones. Among them was one, she sometimes called the "Saturday pudding," because she baked it on Saturdays, that they might have it for a Sunday dinner, cold in the summer, and in the winter warmed on the coals; for they were not accustomed to cook on that day, as they both felt it a privilege to go to church.

She made this simple pudding by picking over and washing a gill of rice, to which she added a spoonful or two of brown sugar, and after letting it soak a while in three pints of milk, baked it. She felt it a pleasure to learn every thing, however small, that would make her father comfortable, and a duty to do it prudently.

Her mother had been accustomed to sell what butter they could spare, to a lady in the neighbourhood. Ellen continued to do so, and the lady expressed herself much surprised that so young a girl should make so fine butter, and send it in such neat order. If she ever felt fatigued with her labours, she would recollect her mother's example, and always be pleasant and cheerful when her father came home.

She had been early taught to knit and to spin, and remembered to have heard her mother say, that

stockings made from wool which was carded in the house, lasted much longer than that which was prepared at the factories, because the machine cut the wool so fine, as to impair its strength. She wished to avail herself of this knowledge, but found she could not succeed in preparing such smooth rolls as she had seen her mother spin.

So she took the wool to a neighbour, who was experienced in such work, and offered if she would teach her how to prepare it, to sew for her until she was satisfied with the payment. "That I will, my good girl," said she, "or any thing else you wish me to help you about, for we all love you for taking such care of your father. Your wrists are not strong enough yet to break and card this long wool, and I shall be glad to have you make an apron for my baby."

After the rolls were made, she spun them into very even yarn, and having heard her father say that he thought stockings were warmer and set closer for being seamed, she finished him two pair of long ones for winter, by knitting two stitches plain, and seaming the third, and was delighted to see how entirely they pleased him.

Having an active mind, she began to think of some improvement in economy, and proposed that he should purchase from a man for whom he worked, a lamb or a sheep; "for it can get its living with the cow," said she, "and we can use its wool for stockings, and then you will not be obliged to buy."

But, with all her prudence, she was not covetous, and many a little pair of thick stockings did she knit

for poor children, and many a neatly mended garment which she thought they could spare, did she carry to the sick; for economy and generosity are often found together.

When Ellen grew to be a young woman, she was a favourite with all. The old and thoughtful respected her for her obedience and affection to her only parent, who no longer felt lonely, so comfortable and cheerful had she made his home. She was also quite admired, for she had a good person, a healthful complexion, and the open smile of one who is in the habit of doing right, and feels happy at heart, which is the truest beauty.

When her young friends visited her, though she was fond of society, she did not forget that her first duty was to her father. However agreeable they were, as soon as the appointed time for his family devotions came, she would say in the gentlest manner, "my father has been long used to retire at nine." And those who were the most unwilling to leave her, could not but respect her for attention to his wishes.

She was addressed by a deserving young man, who had known her merits from childhood. To his proposal she replied, "My father is growing infirm, and is able to work but little. I feel it my duty to take care of him as long as he lives. It might be a burden to others. It is a pleasure to me."

"Ellen, it will be no burden to me. Let me help you in supporting him. Most gladly will I work for all." She saw that he was sincere, and they were married. Her husband had a small house and a

piece of ground on which he laboured. She kept every thing neat and in order, and was always pleasant and cheerful. "I have now *two* motives," she said, "to be as good as I can,—a husband and a father."

Ellen's little children loved their hoary grandfather. She taught them by her own example how to treat him with respect. The warmest corner was always for him. When they saw her listening to all he said with reverence, they never thought of interrupting him, or disregarding his remarks. As he was deaf, she raised her voice when she spoke to him, in a steady, affectionate tone, and they learned to do the same.

As they grew older, they read the Bible to him daily, for his eyesight failed. His explanations were a treasure to them. Especially was he pleased when any of them learned to repeat by heart some of the Psalms of David. "For these," he said, "have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Teachers, and others, who saw the children of Ellen, observed that they had better manners than others of the same age. They acquired them, in a great measure, from their constant propriety of deportment to their venerable grandfather. To pay respect to age, is a benefit both to the manners and character of children. It is an advantage to them to live under the same roof with a pious old person, provided they show them that reverence which the Bible commands.

Ellen reaped a part of the reward of her filial duty,

in seeing her children made better, and her father happy. In his last sickness all waited upon him. When he was no longer able to raise his head from the clean pillow where it was laid, he thanked God who had put it into the heart of his daughter to nourish him with a never-failing kindness, and he blessed her and her husband, and their little ones.

Death came for him, and his eyes grew dim, and they were no longer able to warm his feet and hands. Ellen raised him up in his bed, and sat behind him, and wrapped her arms tenderly around him, for she saw that he shivered. And most touching was it to hear him say, as he leaned his head upon her shoulder for the last time, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

THE SICK.

As sickness is at some time or other the lot of all, it is well to learn, while young, how to treat those who are sick, and how to conduct when we are ourselves so. The care of the sick is peculiarly the business of our sex. Therefore, even little girls should be trained to wait upon them, and to sympathize in their sufferings.

Sickness is an evil, not only because it brings pain, but because it prevents us from being useful. We should consider good health as a precious gift from our Heavenly Father, and avoid any imprudence by which it is endangered. If we are necessarily exposed to cold, we should guard ourselves with thick clothing, especially about the feet. Shun the folly of wearing thin stockings in winter, or thin shoes when the streets are wet.

Sickness, that comes through imprudence, is attended with self-reproach. We have no right to sport with our health. This wonderful frame, fashioned by an Almighty Hand, this temple of the immortal spirit, was not intended for us to mar and deface, as fashion or folly dictate. We should impart the earliest indications of ill-health to those who have the care of us, as a slight remedy taken in season often prevents a formidable complaint.

When you are seriously sick, give yourself up entirely to those who have the care of you. Take without objection whatever they bring you, however unpleasant to the taste. Sickness is not a time

to gratify the palate, but to learn patience. Thank those who perform any service for you, however small. Do not add to their fatigue any more than you can help. If you see them standing long by your bed, request them to take a seat.

If you have watchers, urge them to take refreshment in the course of the night, and, if possible, to get some repose. These attentions are pleasant to those who nurse you, and help to turn your thoughts from self, for selfishness is too prone to intrude into the chamber of sickness. Consider your physician as your friend. Tell him frankly all he asks, and submit to his remedies without opposition.

Open your mind to cheering thoughts, and keep your heart full of hope, for they promote recovery. Spread your case before the Great Physician, and ask his blessing on every remedy. When you are well again, remember that you are under a renewed weight of gratitude to Him, and to those who have watched over you, and shown you kindness, and from your own sufferings learn to pity others who suffer.

The first thing to be considered in your treatment of the sick, is to avoid whatever might disturb them. This seems a slight attainment, and yet is not always understood even by professed nurses. A child should be taught to avoid loud noises and laughter, heavy footsteps, and careless shutting of doors, when any one is sick in the house. And the more delicate attentions of shading the light from the face, or the lamp from the eye, and avoiding in the warming of drinks, or the arrangement of the fire,

every sudden and shrill sound, should be familiar to all in attendance.

Move with the greatest quietness around the chamber of the sick, and when you speak to them, do so with a pleasant smile, and a soft, low tone. When you carry any little delicacy to an invalid, arrange it with perfect neatness, and if you can, with taste. These little circumstances are observed by them, and have a cheering effect. If you send them fruit, or sweetmeats, dispose them so as to make an agreeable appearance. If you lay a nosegay upon their pillow, let it be fresh and beautiful; and so place every flower, that its form and colouring may be most easily discerned.

Remember the sick poor. Learn to make proper drinks or nourishing broths for them with your own hands. Visit them, and ascertain if their clothing and beds are comfortably provided, and converse with your parents and older friends respecting their situation. Such habits are valuable in the young, and should be cherished by those who have the charge of their education, as far as circumstances will admit.

I once knew a little girl, who, when her mother had a headache, would glide around the house like a shadow, with her finger on her lip, to remind the other children to be silent. I have seen her, when her aged grandmother could not sleep for nervousness, pass within the curtains, and press for a long time her temples with a soft, gentle hand, and then breathe low in her ear the simple tones of lulling music, till she was composed to slumber. And I joyed to

see in her thus early, the elements of woman's purer and better nature.

It is well that kind sympathies should take deep root in the heart of young females. For our sex should ever bear about with them a nursing tenderness for all who suffer. In ancient times, ladies of high rank and wealth used to go to hospitals and almshouses to visit the sick. Bending over their wretched beds, they did not shrink to perform kind offices for the most miserable. The "blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon them." Let none of us feel that we are too young to do something for the comfort of the sick.

THE POOR.

THE sacred Scriptures say, "the poor we have always with us." It is the duty of the young, as well as those who are grown up, to study the best means of relieving them. The kind feelings, the benevolent sympathies, that are thus called forth, bless the giver as well as the receiver.

If you see a child in the winter shivering and thinly clad, make some inquiry into his situation. Perhaps you will find that his parents are burdened with too large a family to make all comfortable, or that his mother is a widow, or that he is an orphan. Then, if you can do any thing for his relief, or excite others to do so, it will be the means of increasing your own happiness.

It is a good plan to repair neatly your cast-off garments, and now and then to knit a pair of coarse stockings, and to lay aside a part of any money that may be given you, to be in readiness for the claims of the poor. Never feel unwilling to give whatever you can spare, but consider the favour on your side, so great is the pleasure of benevolence.

The young should always solicit the advice of their parents, or older friends, in their charities. The judicious relief of the poor, requires more knowledge of mankind, than those whose years are few can be expected to possess. Above all, never boast of any thing you give. It is an offence against the nature of true charity, which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Let me tell you of the girls of a school, who pitied the poor, and formed themselves into a society for their relief. They had only Saturday afternoon for recreation during the week, and they resolved to meet at that time, and devise means how they might best be assisted. Their parents gave permission, and their teacher allowed them to meet in the school-room.

There, I have often seen them busy with their needles, their bright eyes sparkling with happiness, and their sweet voices consulting about their plans of charity, like a band of sisters. And I blessed them in my heart, and besought that the spirit of grace and consolation might ever dwell among them. For they were my own scholars, and I loved them as children.

They were not soon weary in well-doing. Many garments were repaired and made, many pair of stockings knit, many books distributed among the ignorant. They established a monthly contribution, and decided, that the money which they devoted to it should be the fruit of their own industry.

They employed themselves with their needles, and received from the friends for whom they worked, a regular price, which was sufficient for their charities. That this new labour need not interfere with their appointed lessons, or their necessary recreations, they rose an hour earlier in the morning, and thus secured time for all.

Their Society was regularly organized, and among its officers were four almoners, who, in distributing their bounty, visited the houses of the poor, and

made report respecting them. An interesting child, who was deaf and dumb, once accompanied these almoners. In her strong language of signs and gestures, she related what she had seen in an abode of poverty.

"It was a small, low room," said she. "The stairs were dark and broken. The snow through which we had walked was deep, and my feet felt very cold. But there was not fire enough to warm them. No. I could have held in one of my hands those very few, faint coals. And there was no wood.

"The sick woman lay in a low bed. If she sat up, she shivered, and she was covered with scant and thin clothing. Her pale baby threw up its arms and cried. But there was no physician there. Then the father came in, having in his hand some pieces of pine, which he had picked up. He laid them on the fire. But how soon were they burned up and gone.

"His wife spoke to him, and when he answered, she looked sorry. Because I was deaf and dumb, I knew not what they were saying. So, I asked my friend. And she told me the poor woman said to her husband, 'have you not bought a piece of candle?' When he answered 'no, I have no money,' she said, with sadness, 'must we be in the dark another long, cold night, with our sick baby?'"

As the tender-hearted child went on to describe, in her own peculiar dialect, the smiles that came suddenly over the faces of the sorrowing poor, at the unexpected bounty which she aided in bearing, tears of exquisite feeling glistened in her eyes; for

her heart was awake to every generous sensibility though her sealed lips were precluded from their utterance.

One of the best modes of assisting the poor, is through their own industry. To give them work, and pay them promptly and liberally, is far better than to distribute alms, which may sometimes encourage idleness, or be perverted to vice. It also saves that self-abasement which minds of sensibility suffer, at receiving charity.

To remove ignorance, is an important branch of benevolence. Study the art of explaining, in simple and kind words, their duty to those who fall into error for want of instruction. To distribute useful and pious books among those who are able to read, is an excellent form of bounty. They should be plainly written. A part of your money for the poor will be well devoted to their purchase.

Read the books that you intend to distribute, attentively, before you buy them. Be sure that there is nothing in their contents, but what is intended to benefit the reader. Make a list of such books, with your opinion respecting them. Mention *why* you think they will be useful, and then you can give a reason for recommending them to others, who may desire to instruct the ignorant.

The biographies of those who have been distinguished for usefulness or piety, are excellent to awaken the spirit of imitation. If you are not able to purchase many, get *one*, and let it be easy of comprehension. If you are not able to give it away, *lend* it, and when it is returned, converse with the

persons who have read it, and try to impress on their hearts the examples most worthy of being imitated.

Thus by the gift, or the loan of books, you may be scattering around you the seeds of usefulness and piety. You may do more lasting good than by the gift of clothing or money, which soon pass away, and may be misused. When you relieve the wants of the body, always remember the soul. For how greatly will it add to your happiness, when you grow up, to know that you have enlightened the mind of but one child, and assisted in making him wiser and better.

Do nothing charitable, from vanity, or a desire of having your good deeds known and applauded. Let your motives be, obedience to your Creator, and love for those whom he has created. They are all his family. He has breathed life into their bosoms. He watches over them, He has given them immortal souls.

Some have black or olive complexions, some are red like the roving tribes of our forests, and others white. But "he hath made of one blood, all who dwell upon the face of the whole earth." They inhabit different climes, but the same sun gives them warmth, the same clouds send down rain to refresh them.

Some wrap themselves in furs, or dig subterranean cells, to shelter themselves from the cold of winter. Others, in slight garments of cotton or silk, can scarcely endure the parching heat of their long summers. Some feed upon the rich fruits that a

tropical sun ripens. Others hunt the flying animals through the forest for their sustenance.

Some drink the juice of the palm-tree, some press the liquor from the grape, some refresh themselves at the fountains of pure water. Some slumber in their quiet homes, and others upon the tossing treacherous sea. Yet the same fatherly hand provides for all.

He who called all mankind forth from the dust of the earth, views them as one large family, seated at one common table, and soon to lie down in one wide bed, the grave. We see, perhaps, but one little corner of the table. We see varieties of dress, complexion, and rank, and suffer our feelings to be affected by these changeful circumstances.

We behold one exalted upon a high seat, and we say, "he is more excellent than his neighbour." From those who hold the lowest places, or "gather up the crumbs under the table," perhaps, we turn away. Do we forget the great Father of all, who appointed their stations? who looketh only on the heart?

It must be pleasing to him who hath called himself in his Holy Scriptures a God of love, that all his large family should regard each other as brethren and sisters. Let us think of our fellow creatures, as under the care of that Merciful Parent from whom all our blessings proceed, and let our good deeds to those who are less fortunate than ourselves, have root in love.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

The years of my childhood past away in contentment and peace. My lot was in humble and simple industry. Yet my heart was full of gladness, though I scarcely knew why. I loved to sit under the shadow of the rugged rocks, and to hear the murmured song of the falling brook.

I made to myself a companionship among the things of nature, and was happy all the day. But when evening darkened the landscape, I sat down pensively. For I was alone, and had neither brother or sister.

I was ever wishing for a brother who should be older than myself, into whose hand I might put my own, and say, "Lead me forth to look at the solemn stars, and tell me of their names." Sometimes, too, I wept in my bed, because there was no sister to lay her head upon the same pillow.

At twilight, before the lamps were lighted, there came up out of my bosom, what seemed to be a friend. I did not then understand that its name was Thought. But I talked with it, and it comforted me. I waited for its coming, and whatsoever it asked of me, I answered.

When it questioned me of my knowledge, I said, "I know where the first fresh violets of spring grow, and where the lily of the vale hides in its broad green sheath, and where the vine climbs to hang its purple clusters, and where the forest nuts

ripen, when Autumn comes with its sparkling frost.

"I have seen how the bee nourishes itself in winter, with the essence of flowers, which its own industry embalmed; and I have learned to draw forth the kindness of domestic animals, and to tell the names of the birds which build dwellings in my father's trees."

Then thought inquired, "what knowest thou of those who reason, and to whom God has given dominion over the beasts of the field, and over the fowls of the air?" I confessed, that of my own race I knew nothing, save of the parents who nurtured me, and the few children with whom I had played on the summer turf.

I was ashamed, for I felt that I was ignorant. So I determined to turn away from the wild herbs of the field, and the old trees where I had helped the gray squirrel to gather acorns, and to look attentively upon what passed among men.

I walked abroad when the morning dews were lingering upon the grass, and the white lilies drooping their beautiful heads to shed tears of joy, and the young rose blushing, as if it listened to its own praise. Nature smiled upon those sweet children, that were so soon to fade.

But I turned toward those whose souls have the gift of reason, and are not born to die. I said, "if there is joy in the plant that flourishes for a day, and in the bird bearing to its nest but a broken cherry, and in the lamb that has no friend but its

mother; how much happier must they be, who are surrounded with good things, as by a flowing river, and who know that, though they seem to die, it is but to live forever."

I looked upon a group of children. They were untaught and unfed, and clamoured loudly with wayward tongues. I asked them why they walked not in the pleasant paths of knowledge. And they mocked at me. I heard two who were called friends, speak harsh words to each other, and was affrighted at the blows they dealt.

I saw a man with a fiery and a bloated face. He was built strongly, like the oak among trees. Yet his steps were weak and unsteady as those of the tottering babe. He fell heavily, and lay as one dead. I marvelled that no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

I saw an open grave. A widow stood near it, with her little ones. They looked downcast, and sad at heart. Yet methought, it was famine and misery, more than sorrow for the dead, which had set on them such a yellow and shrivelled seal.

I said, "what can have made the parents not pity their children when they hungered, nor call them home when they were in wickedness? What made the friends forget their early love? and the strong man fall down senseless? and the young die before his time?" I heard a voice say "Intemperance! And there is mourning in the land, because of this."

So I returned to my home, sorrowing. And had

God given me a brother or a sister, I would have thrown my arms around their neck, and entreated, "touch not your lips to the poison cup, and let us drink the pure water, which God hath blessed; all the days of our lives."

Again I went forth. I met a beautiful boy weeping, and I asked him why he wept. He answered, "because my father went to the wars and is slain, he will return no more." I saw a mournful woman. The sun shone upon her dwelling. The honeysuckle climbed to its windows, and sent in its sweet blossoms to do their loving message. But she was a widow. Her husband had fallen in battle. There was joy for her no more.

I saw a hoary man, sitting by the wayside. Grief had made furrows upon his forehead, and his garments were thin and tattered. Yet he asked not for charity. And when I besought him to tell me why his heart was heavy, he replied faintly, "I had a son, an only one. From his cradle, I toiled, that he might have food and clothing, and be taught wisdom.

"He grew up to bless me. So all my labour and weariness were forgotten. When he became a man, I knew no want; for he cherished me, as I had cherished him. Yet he left me to be a soldier. He was slaughtered in the field of battle. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul, returns no more"

I said, "shew me, I pray thee, a field of battle, that

I may know what war means." But he answered, "Thou art not able to bear the sight." "Tell me; then," I entreated, "what thou hast seen, when the battle was done."

"I came," he said, "at the close of day, when the cannon ceased their thunder, and the victor and vanquished had withdrawn. The rising moon looked down on the pale faces of the dead. Scattered over the broad plain were many who still struggled with the pangs of death.

"They stretched out the shattered limb, yet there was no healing hand. They strove to raise their heads, but sank deeper in the blood which flowed from their own bosoms. They begged in God's name that we would put them out of their misery, and their piercing shrieks entered into my soul.

"Here and there, horses mad with pain, rolled and plunged, mangling with their hoofs the dying, or defacing the dead. And I remembered the mourning for those who lay there—of the parents who had reared them, or of the young children who used to sit at home upon their knee."

Then I said, "tell me no more of battle or of war, for my heart is sad." The silver haired man raised his eyes upward, and I kneeled down by his side.

And he prayed, "Lord, keep this child from anger and hatred and ambition, which are the seeds of war. Grant to all that own the name of Jesus, hearts of peace, that they may shun every deed of strife, and dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven."

Hastening home, I besought my mother, "shelter me, as I have been sheltered, in solitude, and in love. Bid me turn the wheel of industry, or bring water from the fountain, or tend the plants of the garden, or feed a young bird and listen to its song, but let me go no more forth among the vices and miseries of man."

THE GOOD SISTER.

THE village-bell tolled. Groups of people were seen slowly assembling at the funeral call. The hearse stood before the door of a small house, with a vine-wreathed porch. There the minister lifted up his solemn voice in supplication, that the living might be supported in their bitter parting with the dead. A feeble wail from the chamber mingled with his prayer. It was the moan of the young infant, from whom its mother had been suddenly taken.

When the mournful family returned from the grave, the oldest daughter folded the babe in her arms, and pressed its little face long to hers. Tears flowed fast down her cheeks, as she said, "I will be a mother to you, my poor little one." And the upward glance of her eye told, that her heart was asking of her Father in heaven, wisdom to supply to it the place of that good parent whom he had taken to himself.

"What will poor Mr. Allen do, now he has lost his wife?" said one of the neighbours. "He is not able to hire a nurse, and to hear the poor baby crying all the time the minister was at prayer, was quite heart-rending." "Do you not know," said her friend, "that Lucy, the eldest girl, has undertaken the care of it? It is truly wonderful to see one so young preparing its food so well, and waking patiently in the night to feed it, and so anxious to learn how to nurse it when it is sick. We must go in and encourage her."

Lucy Allen was very careful to mingle the milk for the babe in just proportion, and to give it at regular intervals. She washed and dressed it early in the morning, with the greatest tenderness, and lulled it to rest at the proper hours. She sat by her sad father through the long winter evenings. The babe lay sleeping in its cradle by their side. If it awaked, she rocked and lulled it with a tender voice, and her father blessed her.

It was a beautiful sight, to see that fair young girl, week after week, nourishing the feeble infant. Sometimes, when her gay companions urged her to go with them and spend the evening, she would say, "the baby is not quite well, and I am afraid to leave it so long." "O, you will make a mope of yourself for that baby. I dare say it can do well enough awhile without you." But Lucy would excuse herself by saying, that her father looked lonely, and since her dear mother's death, she took more pleasure in being at home with him, than in going out as formerly.

The babe inclined to cry and be fretful. Lucy said it was irritable, because it was unwell, and as it grew stronger, it would grow more quiet. And so it proved. She attended to its health, and after a few months, its fits of crying abated. It grew lively, and began to have a ruddy cheek. She always spoke to it in a cheerful voice, and looked at it with a smile, for she saw that this seemed to make it happier: and said, "poor, dear child, it has no mother to comfort it, and all I can do is so much less than she would have done, that I feel sorry for it."

Lucy had not been accustomed to be disturbed in her rest. When she was kept waking a great part of the night, as she sometimes was, while the babe was getting teeth, she could not help feeling tired and weak in the morning. But she never complained. She remembered how patiently her mother had nursed the others in their sicknesses, and tried to imitate her. And when the little one began to walk, and when the first word it lisped was her name, and when it stretched forth its arms to her, as to a mother, she felt more than repaid for all her toil.

But it was not the care of the infant alone, that exercised Lucy's affection and patience. She had two other sisters and brothers, to whom she tried to fill a mother's place. The sister next to herself in age, was about thirteen, and assisted much in the work of the family. She was not, however, always amiable, and was sometimes jealous that Lucy intended to rule her. But by mildness and kindness, she succeeded in convincing her that she had only her good in view, and induced her to try to regulate her temper and improve her character.

The two brothers were eleven and nine years old. Lucy took great care that they should have their lessons ready for school, and that they should be there in season, and neatly dressed, with clean hands and faces. She charged them not to keep company with bad boys, and gave them the same advice about truth and honesty, and respect for age, and reverence for the sabbath, which her pious mother had given to her.

One morning, the youngest boy came running in—

"Sister Lucy, I have cut my finger dreadfully. I did it in cutting a thick board with father's sharp knife." She instantly produced the basket, in which she kept lint, and soft pieces of old linen, and salve, and cotton bats for burns, and proceeded to do it up skilfully. But the tears flowed afresh. "Does it pain you much, little brother?" "Yes. But the worst of it is, father told me not to touch that knife, and I am afraid to tell him."

"You have done very wrong to disobey your father. But you must own to him exactly how it was. Faults are made worse by concealment. I remember an old school-mistress, who used to tell us, 'speak truth, and let the sky fall.' And it was right advice, because God is a God of truth, and requires truth of all who hope to live in heaven at last."

Her little brother promised her that he would confess his fault. But she saw that he was very much afraid, and remembered that her father was sometimes inclined to be severe, and her heart yearned towards the child. So, she went out to meet him, when she saw him coming home, and told him that her little brother had done wrong, but had suffered in consequence, and seemed penitent. The boy confessed his fault, and the father forgave his disobedience, for the sake of Lucy's intercession.

The youngest girl was scarcely six. Between herself and the babe there had been another, who died, and she, in consequence of this, had been much indulged. Lucy felt the great importance that her moral training should have vigilant attention.

She used towards her great gentleness and firmness, and was always consistent, so that her word was relied on and respected. Soon the child became obedient, and being very affectionate, grew happy, and every day more attached to her sister.

The principal fault of the little sister was thoughtlessness. Lucy took great pains to teach her to attend, and to remember. She was very apt to meet with accidents, to tear her clothes, or to lose her little possessions. Lucy never upbraided her, for she said this was the way to make children bad-tempered or deceitful. But she steadily exerted herself to make her think what she was about, and to put things in the right place.

The second sister would often speak harshly to the little one, when any accident befel her, through what seemed to be her own carelessness. But Lucy begged her not to do so, and said, "to scold at a child, makes them learn to scold also, if they dare; and if they dare not, frightens them into falsehood." So, the child, when she tore her frock or her apron, brought it trustingly to Lucy's needle, and heeded, out of gratitude, the advice that she gave her.

The father was greatly comforted by Lucy's goodness. When he told her so, she felt that it was an over-payment for all her toil. Her brothers and sisters, as they grew up, blessed their good sister. When ever she was in doubt respecting her duty to them, she asked herself, what would my dear mother have done? If the duty was difficult, she retired to her chamber, and prayed to Him, from

whom is all our sufficiency, and He gave her the strength that she needed.

All who knew Lucy Allen admired her conduct. The mothers wished for such a daughter, and the young for such a friend. She was considered more beautiful than those who flaunted in fine dress, or sought for fashionable amusement; for the warmest, purest affections beamed in her face, and they are the true beauty of the heart. But happy as she was, in the love of all the good, she felt the highest thrill of pleasure, when the babe that she had reared to a healthful and fair child, came to her with all its little joys and sorrows, saying, that "better than all the world beside, it loved its *dear sister-mother.*"

THE TRUE FRIEND.

YOUNG persons are fond of agreeable society. A lonely room, or a solitary evening, does not suit their cheerful temperament. They are willing to bear fatigue, the heat of the summer's sun, or the storm of winter, to meet a pleasant companion.

They naturally wish to obtain a friend, in whom they can confide. They read much of the pleasures of friendship, and are anxious to possess a treasure which the wise and good extol.

Shall I tell you of a pleasant companion, and a true friend, who is always near, and whose acquaintance may be readily secured? Should you ever live far from neighbours, or be divided from your parents and relatives, such an acquisition would be highly valuable.

First, let me describe this friend to you. She is exceedingly like yourself. Her eyes and the tones of her voice are the same. When you are good and happy, she smiles also. In your sorrows she sympathizes. She makes your joys her own.

You perceive that she has the qualities of a good friend. In one respect, she will be better to you than any other. The dearest friends die and leave us. We mourn in desolation over their graves. But the friend of whom I speak, has the assurance of living as long as you do, and at your own death-bed will be nearer to you than the nearest relation.

She might say to you in the beautiful language of Ruth, "whither thou goest, I will go; where thou

lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Will you be introduced to this friend? She has some peculiarities, of which it is but right to inform you. When you try daily to improve, and are industrious, and affectionate, and pious, she is in good health. But when you fail in your duties, she is sick and sad, and no common physician can understand her case, or give her medicine.

If you persist in doing wrong, she has a way of hanging a heavy weight in your breast, which those who have felt it, say is a severe punishment. She is said also to have some tendency to jealousy, and not to like the presence of a third person, at her particular interviews.

But though she wishes exclusive attention during the period devoted to her, she is not unreasonable in her claims upon your time. Half an hour out of the twenty-four, will content her. And she chooses this half hour should be the last before retiring, when the business of the day is done.

She requires that you should be punctual to meet her at the appointed time, and frank in replying to all the questions she may see fit to propose. And now, will you cultivate an intercourse with this personage? It will certainly do you no harm. Can this be said of all with whom you associate?

Those who have made the greatest progress in her intimacy, acknowledge that the beginning was rather awkward, for she is averse to flattery, and apt to

blame what is wrong. But as they persevere, it becomes delightful, and her smile is a rich reward for every toil.

If you wish to enlarge the circle of your acquaintance by such a friend, tell her so. Promise to conform to her modes of conversation. Sit down alone, and wait for her, when the cares and employments of the day, like shut roses, are drinking the dews of slumber.

While you meditate, she is near. When you hear a still voice, like a soft breath passing over your cheek, be ready to answer with truth, such questions as the following: "Did you rise early this morning? and were your first thoughts turned to Him who protected you through the night, and is alone able to sustain you through the day?"

"Have you realized the value of time, and laboured to improve it? Have you been obedient to your parents and teachers, and respectful to the aged?"

"Have you been affectionate to your brothers, sisters, and companions, and tried to promote the comfort of all with whom you dwell? Have you instructed the ignorant? or relieved the poor? or shown kindness to the sick and sorrowful?"

"Have you been patient when you were disappointed, and restrained your temper when you were provoked? Did you repress vanity, and in 'all lowliness of mind, esteem others better than yourself?'"

"Have you preserved a cheerful countenance and manners, and tried to make all around you happy? Shall your last act, before you retire to rest, be, to thank the Almighty Father for all his mercies, and

implore his aid to advance daily in wisdom and piety?"

Happy are you, if you can answer these questions in the affirmative. The *True Friend* who proposes them, is your *own* heart. Make it your nightly monitor. It will strengthen you in the race of virtue, and its payment is the approval of conscience, that pure gold, which rust cannot corrupt, nor robber take away.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I ONCE passed several months under the roof of a farmer. It was to me one of the pleasantest and most profitable visits I had ever made. For I saw continually around me, that industry, economy, and contentment, which make every rational household happy.

The whole family rose before the sun. After an early breakfast, every one proceeded to the business of the day. The farmer and his sons went with their workmen to the field. The swift strokes of the churn were heard, changing the rich cream to the golden-coloured butter. I was never weary of watching the progress of the cheese, from its first consolidation, to its reception in the press, and its daily attentions in the dairy.

Above stairs, the sound of the loom, and the flight of the shuttle, allured me. There, various fabricks for the comfort of the family were wrought out, from the carpet on which they trod, to the snowy linen that covered their beds, and the firm garments from the fleece of their sheep, in which they fearlessly braved the cold of winter.

But my delight was especially in the spinning-room. There the wheels turned swiftly with merry music. The step of the spinner was light, and her face cheerful, as she drew even threads from the fair white roll, or the blue one that was to furnish stockings for the father and brothers.

Masses of yarn, assorted according to its various

texture and destination, hung upon the wall. Each one was pleased to add to the store, her new skeins. The flying reel told audibly the amount of every spindle, and pronounced when the useful task of the day was done. This seemed to me the kind of industry, which more than any other promoted cheerfulness and health.

The daughters of the family had blooming and happy countenances. They used their strength freely in domestic toils, and when they went out to any distance, rode well and fearlessly on horseback. They seemed never to have any nervous complaints, or to need a physician. Exercise, and the healthful food on which they fed, and their own happy spirits, were their medicines.

The mother superintended all that concerned them, with a serious dignity. She taught them every necessary employment, by first taking part in it herself, and then deputing it to them. She induced them to consider the interests of their father as their own, and instructed them by her own example how to lessen his expenses.

She sent to market, in the best order, the surplus of her dairy, and poultry-yard, and loom. It was her ambition, that the finer parts of the wardrobe of herself and family, should be thus procured. It pleased her better, than to make demands upon the purse of her husband.

Her eldest daughters desired to have some money of their own, to purchase such books as they liked, and to assist the poor. She encouraged their design, and gave them a room in which to rear the silk-

worm. There they were seen busily tending that curious insect, whose changes from the little egg like a mustard-seed, to the cell of silken tapestry where it gathers up its feet to die, shew the wonderful hand of that Being, who is "excellent in working."

Their small skeins of silk, tastefully arranged for sale, imitated the colours of the rainbow, and they were delighted to find, how soon the wand of industry could convert the mulberry leaf to silk, and the silk to gold. They also aided their younger brothers in a pursuit which interested them—the care of bees.

Rows of hives were ranged in a sunny and genial spot. Beds of flowers, and fragrant herbs, were planted to accommodate the winged chymists. The purest honey gave variety to their table, and the superflux, with the wax that was made from the comb, were among the most saleable articles of their domestic manufacture.

The long winter evenings in the farmer's house were delightful. More healthy and happy faces I have never seen. Yet there was perfect order. For the parents, who commanded respect, were always seated among the children. And in the corner, in the warmest place, was the silver-haired grandmother, with her clean cap, who was counted as an oracle.

The father, or his sons, read aloud such works as mingle entertainment with instruction. The females listened with interest, or made remarks with animation, though their busy hands directed the flight of

the needle, or made the stocking grow. The quiet hum of the flax-wheel, was held no interruption to the scene, or to the voice of the reader.

The neighbour coming in, was greeted with a cordial welcome, and a simple hospitality. Rows of ruddy apples, roasted before the fire, and various nuts from their own forest-trees, were an appropriate treat for the social winter-evening, where heart opened to heart.

Sometimes, the smaller children clustered around the grandmother's chair, begging her for a story. She told them of the days when she was young like them, and of the changes that her life had known. Especially, she loved to tell of the lessons of her parents, and of the obedience with which she regarded them.

"They taught me," said she, "to work, and not to be ashamed of industry. I had a companion, about my own age, who once spent a few months at a city boarding-school. When she came home, it was observed that she was ashamed to be seen doing the same useful things, by which the family were supported.

"Her mother directed her to go and milk the favourite cow, which she had so long been accustomed to do before she went to school, that it was called her own. While she was doing it, a neighbour came into the barn yard, and she was so much afraid of being seen, that she hid her head under the cow, till she was almost smothered.

"Whenever my mother thought I was not pleased with humble occupations, or plain clothing, she

would say, 'child, don't hide your head under the cow.' And this made me so much ashamed, that I willingly did whatever she thought best. And now, children, never be ashamed of honest industry, for it is more foolish than to hide your heads under a cow, in a warm day."

Thus, by simple stories would she instruct them in the various duties of life. Especially would she warn them to fear God, and keep his commandments. At the stated hour of retiring, a sweet and solemn hymn, in which every voice joined, gave praise to the Almighty Preserver.

Then the great Bible, taken from the place where it was carefully kept, was laid before the father of the family. He reverently read a portion from its sacred pages, and then in prayer committed his beloved household to the care of Him who never slumbers.

During my visit to this well regulated family, I was often led to reflect on the peculiar advantages of a farmer's lot. He is the possessor of true independence. Sheltered from those risks and reverses, which in crowded cities await those who make haste to be rich, he feels that patient industry will ensure a competent support for himself and family.

His children are a part of his wealth. They are a capital, whose value increases every year that they remain with him. If he incurs misfortune, they join and help him out, instead of hanging round his neck like millstones, to sink him into deeper waters.

The habits which prevail in his family, the do-

domestic industry, the love of home, the order and simplicity cherished there from ancient times, promote the true excellence of the female character. Many of our most illustrious men have been the sons of farmers, and traced the elements of their distinction, to the hardihood and discipline of agricultural nurture.

During my visit to this happy family, when I looked round upon the healthful faces of its growing members, their patient diligence, their moderated desires, their cheerful subordination to their parents, and saw those parents, not wasting their strength in the idle ceremonies of fashionable life, but true hearted and hospitable, independent and pious—I said, this is the true order of nobility for a republic, and if the virtue that upholds it should fly from the pomp of cities, she will be found sheltered in safety and honour, amid the farm-houses of our land.

LETTER TO THE FEMALES OF GREECE.

WHEN Greece was passing through the revolution, by which it gained freedom from the Turkish yoke, great pity was felt in the United States, for the sufferings of its inhabitants. Especially was the sympathy of our females excited, for the miseries that the war brought upon their own sex.

They were represented in continual terror of their Turkish oppressors, often forced from their own homes, scarcely clothed, and wretchedly feeding, with their children, upon the snails and meagre herbage of the barren mountains whither they were driven.

The letters of Dr. Howe, now the Principal of the Institution for the Blind, in Boston, powerfully described their sorrows and their patience. His residence in Greece had rendered him familiar with the evils which he related, and his appeal to the bounty of his native land was not in vain.

Vessels were freighted with provisions and clothing, and trusty agents sent out to distribute them. Not only in the larger cities, but in the villages of our country, the spirit of benevolence was awake and active. The cry of Greece seemed to enter into every ear.

Donations were given. Contributions were gathered. Ladies formed societies, and consulted how the money thus collected, might be best disposed of for the benefit of Greece. Even the poor believed

that they had a garment to spare, and brought it with tears, for the poorer women of Greece.

Cloth was purchased, and garments cut out, for those of every age, from the infant, to the hoary-headed. The little girls from the schools, forgot to play on their holidays, and sat down to work for the children of Greece.

Ladies of the greatest wealth, plied their needles industriously, that the unfortunate Greeks might be clothed. Their servants also came, offering a part of their wages. They sat down by their side, working for the same charity.

It was like one great sisterhood, in which narrow distinctions were forgotten. Such was the spirit of harmony breathed into every heart, it would seem that we were debtors to the Greeks, and not they to us. It was the happiness of benevolence. There is no other like it.

The little ones partook of it, and their smile was brighter, while they learned the luxury of doing good. Their voices were tender and sweet, as they said to each other, "Greece hungered, and we gave her food; she was naked, and we clothed her."

In one of the cities of New England, when the boxes of apparel, and the barrels of provisions, were ready to be sent, it was suggested that a letter should accompany them. One was accordingly written, and translated into modern Greek.

It was received and read by those desolate women, with the weeping of joy. And it affords a lesson to those who have nothing else to give, that the kind words of affectionate sympathy are balm

to the afflicted heart. Here is a copy of the letter to the females of Greece,

"Hartford, Conn., March 12th, 1828.

SISTERS AND FRIENDS,

From our years of childhood, the land of your birth has been the theme of our admiration. With our brothers and husbands, we early learned to love the country of Homer and of Solon, of Aristides and Herodotus, of Socrates and of Plato.

That enthusiasm which the glory of ancient Greece enkindled in our bosoms, has kept alive a fervent friendship for her children. We have seen with deep sympathy the horrors of Turkish domination, and the struggle so long and nobly sustained, for existence and for liberty.

The communications of Dr. Howe, since his return from your afflicted clime, have made us more intimately acquainted with your personal sufferings. His vivid descriptions have presented you to us, seeking refuge in caves, and dens of the earth, listening in terror for the footsteps of the destroyer, or mourning over your dearest ones slain in battle.

Sisters and friends, our hearts bleed for you. Deprived of parents and protectors by the fortune of war, and continually in fear of evils worse than death, our prayers are with you, in all your wanderings, your wants, and your woes.

In this vessel, (which may God send in safety to your shores,) you will receive, a portion of that bounty with which he hath blessed us. The poor

among us have contributed, according to their abilities. Our children have added their gifts and their industry, that your children might have bread to eat, and raiment to put on.

Could you but have seen the faces of our little ones brighten, and their eyes sparkle with joy, as they gave up their holiday sports, that they might work with their needles for Greece,—could you have beheld those females who earn a subsistence by labour, gladly casting a mite into your treasury, or taking hours from their repose, that you might have an additional garment,—could you have witnessed the active benevolence inspiring every class of our community,—it would cheer for a moment the darkness and misery of your lot.

Inhabitants, as we are, of a part of one of the smallest of the United States, our donations must of necessity be more limited than those from the larger and more wealthy cities. But such as we have, we give in the name of the dear Saviour, with our blessings and our prayers.

We know the value of sympathy, how it girds the heart to bear, how it plucks the sting from sorrow. Therefore we have written these few lines to assure you, that in the remote parts of our country, as well as in her high places, you are remembered with pity and with love.

Sisters and friends,—we extend across the ocean, our hands to you, in the fellowship of Christ. We pray that his cross, and the banner of your land, may together rise above the crescent and the minaret,—that your sons may hail the freedom of

ancient Greece restored, and build again the waste places, which the oppressor hath trodden down,— and that you, admitted once more to the felicities of home, may gather from past perils and adversities, a brighter wreath for the kingdom of heaven.”

HOPE AND MEMORY.

A BABE lay in its cradle. A being with bright hair, and a clear eye, came and kissed it. Her name was Hope. Its nurse denied it a cake, for which it cried; but Hope told it of one in store for it to-morrow. Its little sister gave it a flower, at which it clapped its hands joyfully; and Hope promised it fairer ones, which it should gather for itself.

The babe grew to a boy. He was musing at the summer twilight. Another being, with a sweet, serious face, came and sat by him. Her name was Memory. And she said, "Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest."

The boy answered, "I see a short path, bordered with flowers. Butterflies spread out gay wings there, and birds sing among the shrubs. It seems to be the path where my feet have walked, for at the beginning of it is my own cradle."

"What art thou holding in thy hand?" asked Memory. And he answered, "a book which my mother gave me." "Come hither," said Memory, with a gentle voice, "and I will teach thee how to get honey out of it, that shall be sweet, when thy hair is gray."

The boy became a youth. Once, as he lay in his bed, Hope and Memory came to the pillow. Hope sang a merry song, like the lark when she rises from the nest to the skies. Afterwards, she said, "Follow me, and thou shalt have music in thy heart, as sweet as the lay I sung thee."

But Memory said, "He shall be mine also. Hope, why need we contend? For as long as he keepeth Virtue in his heart, we will be to him as sisters, all his life long." So, he embraced Hope and Memory, and was beloved of them both.

When he awoke, they blessed him, and he gave a hand to each. He became a man, and Hope girded him every morning for his labour, and every night he supped at the table of Memory, with Knowledge for their guest.

At length, age found the man, and turned his temples white. To his dim eye, it seemed that the world was an altered place. But it was he himself who had changed, and the warm blood had grown cold in his veins.

Memory looked on him with grave and tender eyes, like a loving and long-tried friend. She sat down by his elbow-chair, and he said to her, "Thou hast not kept faithfully some jewels that I entrusted to thee. I fear that they are lost."

She answered mournfully and meekly, "It may be so. The lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary, and fall asleep. Then Time purloins my key. But the gems that thou gavest me when life was new, see! I have lost none of them. They are as brilliant as when they first came into my hands."

Memory looked pitifully on him, as she ceased to speak, wishing to be forgiven. But Hope began to unfold a radiant wing which she had long worn concealed beneath her robe, and daily tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man lay down to die. And as the soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. Memory ascended by its side, and went through the open gate of heaven. But Hope paused at the threshold. There she expired, like a rose faintly giving forth its last odours.

A glorious form bent over her. Her name was Immortal Happiness. Hope commended to her the soul, which she had followed through the world. "Religion," she said, "planted in it such seeds as bear the fruit of heaven. It is thine forever."

Her dying words were like the music of some breaking harp, mournful but sweet. And I heard the voices of angels saying, "Hope that is born of the earth must die, but Memory is eternal, as the books from which men are judged."

THE SLEEPLESS LABOURERS.

THOSE who conduct important trades, or laborious manufactories, prefer such assistants as possess bodily vigour, and can endure fatigue. Some occupations, it is necessary to continue during a part of the night. Yet even the strongest labourers cannot long bear this system, unless they take additional sleep during the day. Did you ever hear of labourers who never slept? And yet there are two such. They labour for you.

Say you, that you have never seen such labourers? Yet they propel the most curious machinery for your benefit. Listen! can you not hear them at their work? Their workshop is within you. Look, and see what there is about you, that does not need repose. The hands are obliged to rest from their toil. The limbs stretch themselves out, and relax their wearied muscles. The strained eye closes upon its tasks. The ear shuts up its labyrinth.

The thinking brain retires within its curtained cells. The tongue ceases to do the bidding of the soul. The head seeks its pillow, and the strong man lies as powerless as the nursing-babe. But these two sleepless labourers remit not their toil. They complain of no weariness. They accept of no relaxation. They stand upon the wall of life, sentinels who never put off their armour, watchmen who are never relieved.

Other labourers require supervision. The merchant holds his clerk accountable, and the master

his servant. The head manufacturer has an eye to his machinery, the farmer goes to the field with his men, the teacher is watchful that his rules may be brought to bear upon his scholars. The hand depends for its dictates upon the ruling mind; the foot, like an errand-boy, waits its orders where to go; the eye and the ear gather into its garner.

The sleepless labourers trouble the mind for no directions. They require not to be told what their work is, or to be questioned whether they have done it. It is the custom to reward with increased wages, those servants who perform severe labour, and to give high salaries to such agents as fill difficult and responsible stations. What payment is accorded to these labourers, who wake and work while we sleep, without whose aid we are not able to draw a single breath?

I grieve to say, that the fashion of our sex has dealt hardly by them. She seems not to have appreciated their services. She impedes them in their mysterious toil. She binds them with tight ligatures, so that they do their work in pain. Sometimes they even faint and sicken at her cruelty. You will, ere this, have discovered that the indefatigable servants of whom we have spoken, are the Heart and Lungs.

I think I hear you say, with an honest warmth, that these sleepless labourers shall be better treated; that the lungs, which blow the bellows of life, and the heart, which feeds it with fuel, till the ice of death comes, shall not be painfully compressed by the busk, or fettered by the corset. It is undoubtedly possible to hold yourselves erect, without bring-

ing hurtful engines to bear upon the seat of vitality. Would it not be a noble resolution to undertake to do so?

We shudder, when we think how frequently the slightest injury to the lungs proves fatal; how soon death enters, when their most delicate air-valves are broken. We think with wonder of the force with which the heart operates, sending continually the whole mass of blood to the smallest veins, and the most remote arteries, working at the rate of one hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, and continuing this sleepless labour, sometimes for eighty or ninety years, without wearing out. Shall we dare to embarrass these agents of Almighty power?

The slightest ligatures are capable of troubling these faithful labourers. How dangerous then must be the tight-lacing which is sometimes so rashly hazarded. Not the lungs and heart alone are thus injured. The stomach is oppressed in its important task of digestion, the brain clouded by obstructed circulation, and irregular transmission of blood, and the spine perverted from its great purpose of giving stability to the frame.

We counted the Turks as barbarians, when they broke down the sculptured columns of the Greeks, and destroyed those works of art, which for ages had been admired. What shall they be called, who deface the architecture of their Maker? If he has placed in the recesses of this clay-temple, servants to whom he has committed a wonderful work for our benefit, if he has commanded them to labour

without sleep, without wages, without troubling us for orders, and to be as symbols of his own untiring care,—shall we arrest their progress? tie them up at their posts? compel them to toil in pain? do all in our power to frustrate their fidelity and his benevolence?

We will not do this, though it be the fashion. These sleepless labourers shall not be incommoded by us. The Giver of our breath shall not thus be mocked. The blood which he has poured into our veins, shall flow freely in the channels which he hath ordained. It shall not be forced by our rashness, to burst its flood-gates, or to be imprisoned in its citadel, or to stir up the brain to mutiny and madness.

We will not, though others do it, obstruct the free action of the lungs, or press upon the heart, in its mysterious laboratory. We dare not interrupt the intricate and exquisite machinery of God. We are afraid to do so, lest who is the former of our bodies, the father of our spirits, should make his abused goodness the instrument of our punishment, and bid the ill-treated organs take vengeance on us, and the Sleepless Labourers become our foes, and shorten the life they were at first appointed to guard.

SUNDAY-SALT.

THE uses of salt are various. You all know that it improves the taste of food, that it helps to preserve meat from putrefaction, and is favourable to health. It is also used in the fusion of metals, in the manufacture of glass, and sometimes to quicken the fertility of cold and barren soils.

It is agreeable to domestic animals. It is especially salutary to those that feed on grass. The careful farmer gives it stately to his flocks and herds. It is pleasing to see the sheep and the cows, the oxen and horses, each eagerly receiving their portion of what seems the dessert to their simple meal.

Wild animals discover where the earth is impregnated with salt. There they gather in throngs, to taste the luxury. In our Western States, there are multitudes of such spots, which are called *licks*. Thither also the hunters repair, and lie in wait for their prey.

In eastern countries, lions imitate this cunning of the hunters. Fountains are there scarce, and they make their dens in marshy places, to seize the animals who resort thither to drink. This was so often the case in Palestine, that some of the Hebrew poets called the lion, the "wild beast of the reeds." There, like the hunter at the salt-licks, he lay crouched in his lair, and when the "hart came panting for the water-brooks," or other feeble animals hastened to quench their thirst, he was ready to devour them.

Since salt is so necessary to man, the Creator has distributed it with a liberal hand. It mingles with seas and oceans—it rises in the form of rocks—it is found in mines—it covers, for miles, the surface of some regions—it breaks forth in briny fountains from the bosom of the earth.

Rock salt is sometimes of a pure white, and sometimes variously coloured. In Africa, are many mountains of entire salt. In the kingdom of Tunis, is one composed of red and violet colour. Great masses of solid salt, cover the summit of mountains which bound the desert on the west of Cairo.

There is a village in Spain, situated at the base of a rock of salt, five hundred feet in height, and a league in circumference. Most of this is white, though some is of a fine blue. At Halle, in the Tyrol, are ranges of salt-rocks, worked by means of galleries cut into them.

Historians have said that dwellings were anciently built of rock-salt in Lybia. They are still found in Arabia, and other parts of the globe. In the vast salt-mines of Poland, houses and chapels exist, and when illuminated by torches have a magnificent appearance. You remember the palace of ice built by an Empress of Russia, which was so brilliant when the lamps were lighted in the evening.

The salt-mines, near Cracow in Poland, have been wrought for six hundred years, and still produce six thousand tons annually. The excavations extend for miles, and near two thousand labourers are employed there. Different parts of the Carpathian

Mountains, and of Siberia, are also rich in veins of salt.

The mines of Salzburg, in Austria, are more than a thousand feet in depth. Their subterranean expanse is dazzling with crystals of the most brilliant hues, and, now and then, the waters of a lake, where boats conveying visitants glide, sparkle in the torch-light, as if overhung by a fret-work of diamonds.

Salt is scattered in masses, over America and Asia, as well as over Africa and Europe. Innumerable fountains of brine spring up throughout the globe, whence salt is manufactured for the inhabitants, and for commerce. Many parts of the United States are rich in these. You have doubtless heard of the very productive ones at Salina, in the State of New-York.

Salt is a source of revenue in various regions. The Emperor of Austria is said to derive £100,000 annually from his mines of salt. There are various ways of preparing it, from sea-water, from salt-lakes, and springs. It is sometimes boiled, and sometimes made in the open air, by solar evaporation.

Bay-salt is what is made by the heat of the sun. It is of two kinds; the first drawn from sea-water, the second from springs or lakes. Marine-salt is extracted from the water of the sea by boiling. Fishery-salt is made by slow evaporation, and is known by its large and coarse crystals.

The white salt of Normandy, has been quite a source of gain to France. It is prepared by suffering the rising tide to flow into reservoirs, where, after partial evaporation, it filters through straw into ves-

sels placed for it. It is then boiled, with continual stirring, and purified by draining through large osier baskets.

But, my dear young friends, I think I hear you say, "Was not the title of this essay *Sunday-salt*? We have been told of rock-salt, and bay-salt, and marine-salt, and fishery-salt, and the white-salt of Normandy, but not a word about what we expected to hear described. Now what can *Sunday-salt* mean?" I am just going to tell you.

I was once attending the lectures of a professor, who, among other means of acquiring information, had travelled in Europe. He said, that when he was in Scotland, he observed what might often be seen in his own country, that the salt obtained by the action of fire, instead of the heat of the sun, was sometimes injured by haste in the process.

By a too rapid evaporation, many foreign and earthy substances are apt to be left behind. In Scotland, the manufacturers of salt continue their labours until twelve on Saturday night. They then kindle a large fire under it, and retire to their homes.

The crystallization going on more slowly than usual during the sabbath, those impurities which cause bitterness, are separated and exhaled. The material thus elaborated, is of superior excellence. It commands a higher price in the market, and is sold by the name of *Sunday-salt*.

After I had heard the learned professor's description of *Sunday-salt*, it occurred to me that we might make it ourselves, though in a different way. The

cares and pursuits of the week sometimes, like fierce fires, overheat the soul, and render it turbid. Might we not so avoid them, one day in seven, and so cultivate different trains of thought, as to have Sunday-salt of our own?

If we take the time which God reserves to himself for our own employments—if, like the unbelieving Israelites, we go forth to gather our daily food on the sabbath,—what we consider gain will prove a mixture of trouble. It will be like what our blessed Saviour calls, “salt that has lost its savour; where-with shall it be salted?”

The Almighty hath said, “remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy.” We cannot disobey him and be happy. We cannot sweep manna from the earth on this consecrated season, and prosper. But we may make Sunday-salt, in the laboratory of a meek and prayerful spirit.

May we not carry with us throughout the week, this Sunday-salt, to purify our lives and conversation? It may sometimes be in danger of dissolving in the humid atmosphere of the planet that we inhabit. But may we not preserve it in the casket of a watchful soul? Let us try.

Can we sell our Sunday-salt? Yes; at the gate of heaven. The saints who have entered there, “through much tribulation,” will tell you that it was the purifying principle in the rough sea of life. Angels know its value—it will bring the gold of eternity.

DREAMS.

WHAT flights does the imagination take during the hours of sleep! While the body slumbers, she climbs the cliff, or hangs over the abyss, or poises her pinion on the storm-cloud, or robes herself with the rainbow, and listens at the gate of heaven. Sometimes she takes memory with her, dragging her along, like a half-wakened companion.

Then distant friends are brought near. The lost return from the dead. The scenes of early days are retouched, and buried feelings kindle anew in the heart. Still, memory performs her office imperfectly, and reluctant to be withdrawn from sleep, relapses into it again. Then, unbridled fancy revels alone, and so bold and bright are her visions, that the waking eye would fain prolong them, and wishes to turn from the tame reality of life.

Some hold it trifling and visionary, to speak of dreams. But, because they have been abused by superstition and ignorance, are they never to be approached with clear and rational thought? They occupy a formidable portion of our little span of life. They are sources of pleasure, or of pain.

Dreams sometimes cast their shadows over our waking hours. Our feelings through the day may partake of their colouring. We rise from frightful visions exhausted as by positive labour or suffering. If there is any regimen which will modify their character, and give them the aspect of happiness, it would be desirable to know it.

Is it of no consequence whether we are to spend a third part of our lives in the midst of fancied terrors, or of delightful imagery? Whether we are to be borne on airy wings over varied regions, rejoicing in their beauty, and holding converse with the lovely and beloved? or, whether we are to shiver among nameless dangers, harassed by frightful spectres, and startled by fiery clouds above, and an impassable gulf below?

Do not consider dreams altogether as idle vagaries of the brain. Respect them, and they will be your friends. But I hear you ask, is there really any way of procuring pleasant dreams? I have heard those who were wiser than myself, say there was; and I should like to give you some ancient rules, which have been recommended as means of insuring them.

1st. Preserve equanimity of temper. Indulge, during the day, in no angry, envious, or vengeful feeling. Do not disturb or quicken the current of blood through the heart, by any violent emotion. A regular pulse, and a calm, even circulation of blood and spirits, are favourable both to pleasant dreams and to longevity.

2d. Avoid compression in dress. Let the lungs and heart, the stomach and spine, be unfettered to perform the functions appointed by their Creator. To tie up labourers, and then exact their services, resembles the unjust and cruel policy of ancient Egypt, in demanding brick without straw.

3d. Be temperate in all things. Permit nothing to pass into your stomach which is calculated to

disorder it. Avoid high-seasoned meats, rich sauces, unripe fruits, and stimulating drinks. Even of plain and proper food do not take an undue quantity, but desist before the appetite is fully satiated. Some judicious physicians direct that nothing should be eaten between meals, or after the regular supper. Remember that the stomach is the keystone of the frame, and do not abuse it, for this cannot be long done with impunity.

4th. Have your sleeping-room pure and well-ventilated. Air it every morning after rising, and strip the clothes from your bed for some time before it is made. Perform, when possible, a general ablu-tion, before retiring, that the pores of the skin may be unchecked in their important office during sleep. If you can do nothing more, wash your face, hands, and neck, and comb your hair. Let your position be unconstrained, when you resign yourself to sleep, and your face entirely uncovered, and a free circulation of air secured in the apartment.

5th. Be kind, affectionate, and benevolent, to those with whom you associate. Do all the good in your power. Preserve cheerfulness of spirits, voice, and manner. Keep a "conscience void of offence towards God and towards man." The happiness of dreams will repay your efforts.

6th. If aught evil has been harboured in your bosom, throughout the day, cast it forth ere you sleep, by penitence and prayer. Lay your head on your pillow, at peace with all the world. Close your eyes with a smile on your countenance, and

resign yourself to the spirit of sweet dreams, and to the ministry of angels.

Do not lightly condemn these rules, my dear young friends, though they may seem antiquated. Test them for one year, before you decide against them. Then, if you should find that they fail in producing such dreams as you desire, you will be convinced that they help to confer the more durable treasure of a good life.

One more thought about dreams. Do they not help to prove the soul's immortality? Its clay companion is weary, and lies down to rest. But with a tireless strength it wakes, it wanders, it expatiates, it soars. Thus sleep, which has been called the "brother of death," brings us proof that we are to live for ever.

Glorious truth! breathed to us in dreams, as well as written upon the pages of inspiration. We are to live for ever. Though we seem to be swallowed up in the grave, we shall rise again. May we so keep God's commandments, that our eternal abode shall be in those mansions where there is no more sleep, because there can be no weariness or wo, and where the brightest dream of earth's prompting fades in darkness before the full and fearless certainty of bliss.

PERSEVERANCE.

Two little girls, whose names were Emma and Ann, lived near each other, and attended the same school. They were frequently together, and their parents encouraged the intimacy. In winter, they might often be seen leading each other through the snow, and in summer cultivating the little spot of ground that was allowed them. As the gardens of their fathers were divided only by a slight fence, they could easily converse, or exchange the flowers that they reared.

Their parents wished to give them a good education, and sent them to the best schools that the place afforded. Both were anxious to excel in their studies, but Emma acquired knowledge with far greater ease than her companion. She quickly comprehended a new subject, and readily committed long lessons to memory. Confidence in her own powers, gave her promptness of manner, and she was invariably distinguished at all public examinations.

Ann learned slowly, and was diffident. She was sometimes silent, through fear of being wrong, and made her friends ashamed of her appearance of ignorance. She would plod for hours over her appointed tasks, and often return home her eyes swollen with weeping, at having missed in the recitations. Her mother once said to her. "I am distressed at seeing you so unhappy. You have not the capacity of Emma, and must be willing to see her take a higher rank than yourself.

"But I will give you a recipe, which, if it cannot procure for you brilliant talents, will aid you to make the best use of such as are entrusted to you. When you attempt any thing difficult, say, '*I will persevere*,' and ask assistance of your Father in heaven. Thank him for the gifts of reason and understanding, and entreat him for a heart to love your friend as sincerely when she excels you, as at any other time: for you cannot expect to make progress in a good cause, if your spirits are agitated, or envious at another's success."

The little girl kissed her mother, and promised to obey her directions. That night, after she was in bed, she reflected so much upon them, that although she had as usual said her prayers, she arose, and again kneeling, implored strength to *persevere*. Now, when her tasks were difficult, she no longer wept, but by patient study and laborious repetition, endeavoured to conquer them. It was not long, before her improvement was obvious, both to her instructor and associates.

Strict mental discipline gave her an interesting deportment, while the consciousness that she possessed no genius of which to boast, guarded her humility. At length, a difficult Latin lesson was assigned to her class. It contained many words to be sought out in the dictionary, and much idiom and transposition. The recitation was to be immediately on entering the school in the morning, and those who sustained it without mistake, were to be rewarded by commencing the study of Virgil. The others were to review an elementary book.

Ann's heart died within her, as she heard Emma exclaim, "Pray, appoint us a longer lesson. This will be no trial at all. It will not occupy *me* half an hour." But Emma had begun to feel the pride of talents. She had been praised by her friends, more than was prudent. She had begun to remit her efforts, and to fancy that her reputation as a scholar was established.

The evening in which the lesson was to be learned, her mother had company. She found it pleasant to sit with them, as they applauded her remarks, and said she had a great deal of wit. Her mother thought she detected some pertness in her conversation, and advised her to go to her book. But she excused herself till the morning. When morning came, having retired later than usual, she did not feel like rising early, and then in a great hurry, and half dressed, hastened to her lesson.

Now, though Emma was blessed with a very quick perception, she had but little patience. When any thing really difficult occurred in her lessons, she was very apt to throw them by, or to prevail on her father to assist her. But he was now absent. With dismay, she now heard the clock strike for school, while she was yet unprepared. Hasting along, with her hat and shawl half on, dropping first one glove, then the other, and studying all the way down the street, she frequently stumbled, and once fell entirely down.

She took her seat in the class, with a beating heart, but determined to put the best face on the matter. One or two hesitations, she managed to

pass off with her usual address, but just as her spirits were beginning to rise with the hope of victory, she made several absolute and prominent mistakes. The truth was, that notwithstanding her fine talents, she was not a thorough scholar. She valued herself upon her rapid translations, but in grammatical accuracy, was inferior to many whose want of genius she ridiculed.

Covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. All hope of being raised to a higher class, was for that time swept away. But what irritated her feelings, even more than her own defeat, was to hear Ann giving her answers with entire correctness and precision, and finally to see her included in the honorary band. Complaining of a headache, she hastened home, and when Ann, in her kindness and simplicity of heart, called to ask after her health, she could scarcely bring her mind to speak to her so bitter was her disappointment.

Now, when Ann, the preceding evening, had gone from school with her dreaded lesson, she at first felt disposed to weep. But recollecting her promise to her mother, she said, "*I will persevere.*" She scarcely staid for supper, so much did she fear that the allotted time would be insufficient for her slow mind. Her mother, perceiving how intensely she laboured, said, "I should wish to assist you, dear Ann, were I acquainted with the language in which you study. Yet this would only be doing you an injury. Strength of mind comes from vanquishing obstacles, and knowledge painfully gained, is not easily lost."

The little girl, looking meekly up, answered, "I

think God will help me to persevere." She wished to sit up very late, but her mother forbade it, on account of her eyes. So, she laid her books under her pillow, and with the day-light resumed her studies. Many difficulties occurred in the lesson, but she reflected as she went to school, that she had done all in her power to overcome them, and that this would comfort her, if she lost the desired honour.

When she found herself among the fortunate band, she felt surprised, as well as delighted, and thanked in her heart Him who had helped her to persevere. But Emma's pride was so much hurt, that it affected her friendship, and sometimes when she saw Ann coming to meet her, would turn away, and whisper to some of her companions, that "the dull expression of that girl's face, made her shockingly nervous."

The appointed time now approached for a recitation of poetry and dialogue, to which their teacher had given them permission to invite their parents and a few friends. Here Emma consoled herself with the hope of a complete triumph over Ann. Pursuits that required little labour, she was very willing to undertake. For this exhibition, she anxiously prepared, and her fine elocution and confident manners, attracted admiring attention, while her diffident friend was wholly undistinguished.

Ann joined with so much good-humour and sincerity in the praises of her friend, that Emma forgot her coldness, and harmony was again restored. During the whole of her continuance at school, she continued to excel in those accomplishments which

tend to display, and to avoid the studies which required application. The advances which she made, though sometimes great, were irregular, and the promise which she had prematurely given, was but imperfectly fulfilled.

Ann, who early acquired the name of a dull scholar, carefully treasured her laborious gains, and through perseverance, surpassed all expectation. A premium was offered for the greatest proficiency in arithmetic and geometry. "I am sure of it," thought Emma, "for I have been so long in algebra, that such simple studies are but A B C to me." So, by a few occasional efforts, she would distance all competitors, and then suffer her mind to be amused with trifles, or to relapse into indolence.

But the prize was to be obtained by the strictly-computed improvement of several months, and not by a few desultory performances. So, she was appointed to see it won by the indefatigable Ann, with the high approbation of her instructor. She consoled herself under the disappointment, by saying, that "the premium was no criterion of talent, but merely given to encourage the plodders of the school, among whom she had not the least ambition to appear."

Ann, by following the judicious directions of her mother, at length attained a highly respectable rank in all her studies. When she left school, she carried with her the same perseverance which had been there so serviceable. She had been taught that education was valuable, not merely for the knowledge it imparts, but for the habits of mind it creates, and

the principles of action it confirms, and she endeavoured to prove in domestic life, that hers had not been in vain.

It was her pleasure to sit with her work-basket or book, by the side of her widowed mother, cheering her solitary hours. But Emma soon became so absorbed in gay and fashionable amusements, that useful employment was irksome. She said, "she thanked her stars, she was blessed with sufficient sense not to be a mope, while she was young."

When she married, it was her ambition to make a showy appearance. Rational economy, she had neither patience to study, nor self-control to practise. It involved such petty details, that it seemed to her beneath the notice of a liberal and refined intellect. The regulation of her children's temper and character was sadly neglected, from that disposition to avoid trouble which she had long indulged.

When faults were disclosed that required immediate attention, she was too prone to put them aside, as she did her difficult lessons at school. She complained of them as too troublesome for her to contend with, or comforted herself with the indolent hope, that "all would come right at last." But it was not long ere she was constrained to say, that "if she was to bring up another family, her first course would be to teach them that order, industry and perseverance, which she had herself never learned."

In a few years after their marriage, the affairs of her husband became seriously embarrassed. Then she was greatly astonished and distressed. She was

too helpless to do any thing for his relief. With the science that prevents the wasteful expenditure of servants, provides for the comfort, but not profusion of a table, or prolongs the existence of a wardrobe, she was wholly unacquainted.

Of these habits of persevering industry, which she had ridiculed in her friend Ann, she now felt the need. How often did she lament her early neglect of that application and self-control, which in woman's sphere of duty, are more valuable than those talents which dazzle, and demand admiration as their daily food.

But Ann found the discipline to which she had been subjected in childhood, an excellent preparation for domestic duty. When she encountered difficulties, she was not dismayed. She knew in whom she had trusted, and that he would aid her to persevere. The fortune of her husband was not large. But by a consistent economy, she was able to secure every comfort, and to remember the poor.

It was now a matter of less consequence, than when at school, which of the two ladies could boast of the quickest perception, or the most brilliant intellect. But it was clear to every observer, whose house was the seat of the greatest order, comfort, and happiness. Ann still felt a sincere interest in the welfare of her early friend, Emma, and visited her as often as was in her power, seeking to extend encouragement, or to impart sympathy.

Ann's widowed mother had become infirm, and given up her own house, to reside with her. This excellent daughter had no higher pleasure than to

study her wishes, and try to repay a small part of the debt of gratitude, incurred in infancy and childhood. Often would she say, with an affectionate smile, "if there is any good thing in me, I owe it to *your* counsel, and to *His* grace who enabled me to persevere."

And when the old lady, with her silver locks shading her venerable temples, bending from her easy-chair, would tell her listening grandchildren, by what means their dear mother became all that was excellent, the little creatures, gathering closer to her side, would say, with affecting earnestness, "We, too will learn to *persevere*."

FEMALE ENERGY.

It is a pity that females should ever be brought up in a helpless manner. It is a still greater pity, when they think it not respectable to be industrious: for then principles, as well as habit, have become perverted. They ought to feel that their endowments qualify them for activity, and their duty demands it.

Our sex should begin, while young, to take an interest in the concerns of the family, and daily to do something for its comfort. They should come promptly and cheerfully to the aid of the mother in her cares. They should inform themselves of the amount of the yearly expenses of the household, and keep an accurate account of their own.

Why should young girls be willing to be drönes in the domestic hive? In several families of the highest respectability, the daughters supply by their own industry, the resources of their charity. This they do, not from necessity, but because it is pleasant to them, that their gifts to the poor should be the fruit of their own earnings.

No female should consider herself educated, until she is mistress of some employment or accomplishment, by which she might gain a livelihood, should she be reduced to the necessity of supporting herself. The ancient Jews had a proverb, that whoever brought a child up without a trade, bound it apprentice to vice.

Who can tell how soon they may be compelled

to do something for their own maintenance. How many families, by unexpected reverses, are reduced from affluence to poverty. How pitiful and contemptible, on such occasions, to see females helpless, desponding, and embarrassing those whom it is their duty to cheer and aid.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer ride in our carriage; we must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. What we are to do for a living I know not. Yesterday, I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing left that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other, and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands, and loving hearts." "Dear father," said the little children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity, if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight healthy children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll." The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk in his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures, and plate, and rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He took a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest ones assisted her in the work of the household, and instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could now be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed their vegetables. They platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at their post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father. "And I was never as happy before," said the mother. "We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great

deal better here. You call us your little bees, and I think we make such honey as the heart feeds on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. After a while, the eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place, as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering-trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under its woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?" "Ah! no, no!" was the unanimous reply. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment." "Father," said the youngest, "all we children, hope you are not going to be rich again.

"For then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you, or mother. Now, we all live together; and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

The females of other countries, sometimes make far greater exertions than they are accustomed to do in our own. It would seem that they were more athletic, and able to endure fatigue. This may pro-

bably arise from their being inured to more severe exercise, especially those of the poorer classes.

Joanna Martin, the wife of a day-labourer in England, was left a widow with six small children, and not a shilling for their support. The parish officers, perceiving it to be a case of great distress, offered to take charge of them. But the good mother resolved to depend only upon the divine blessing, and her own industry.

The life on which she entered, was one of extreme hardship. She rose at two in the morning, and after doing what she could to make her little ones comfortable, walked eight, and sometimes ten miles, to the market-town, with a basket of pottery ware on her head, which she sold, and returned with the profits before noon.

By this hard labour, and the greatest economy, she not only gained food and clothing for her children, but in the course of a year, saved the sum of about seven dollars. Then, finding herself under the necessity of quitting the cottage where she had lived, she formed the resolution of building one for herself.

Every little interval of time, which she could spare from her stated toils, she devoted to working upon the tenement which was to shelter her little ones, and "with the assistance of a good God," said she, "I was able at last to finish my cottage." It was small, but comfortable, and might remind those who saw it, of what Cowper calls, "the peasant's nest."

After several years, Joanna, by persevering in

her industry and prudence, acquired enough to purchase a cart, and a small pony. "Now," said she with delight, "I can carry pottery-ware to the different towns round about, and drive a pretty brisk trade, for I begin to feel that I cannot walk thirty miles a day, quite so well as when I was younger."

She lived to advanced age, respected for her honesty, patient diligence, and maternal virtues. It was pleasant to observe the self-approbation and simplicity with which she would say, when quite old, "to be sure I am not very rich, but what I have is all of my own getting. I never begged a half-penny of any soul. I brought up my six children without help from the overseers of the parish, and can still maintain myself without troubling them for assistance."

Many instances of the most laudable efforts to obtain a support, might be mentioned among the females of our own country. The disposition to be active in various departments of usefulness, ought to be encouraged in the young, by those who have charge of their education. The office of a teacher, is one of the most respectable and delightful to which they can aspire.

To instruct others is beneficial to the mind. It deepens the knowledge which it already possesses, and quickens it to acquire more. It is beneficial to the moral habits. It teaches self-control. It moves to set a good example. It improves the affections. For we love those, whom we make wiser and better, and their gratitude is a sweet reward.

The work of education, opens a broad field for

female labourers. There they may both reap and confer benefits. If they do not wish to enter upon it as the business of life, it will be found a good preparation for the duties of any sphere to which future life may call them.

Let the young females of the present generation, distinguish themselves by energy in some useful employment. Indolence and effeminacy are peculiarly unfit for the daughters of a republic. Let them not shrink at reverses of fortune, but view them as incitements to greater activity, and higher virtue.

It was a wise man who said, "Virtue, like a precious odour, is most fragrant when crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." When those we love are in trouble, let us feel that we have a two-fold office, to *cheer*, and to *help* them.

When man was first placed upon the earth, woman was pronounced by the Almighty maker, a "help-meet for him." If at any period of her life, whether as daughter or sister, as wife or mother, she draws back from being a helper, and through indolence becomes a burden,—she forgets her duty to him, and violates the command of her Creator.

THE WIFE OF THE INTEMPERATE.

JANE HARWOOD, with her husband and children, made one among the many families who remove to the unplanted, western wild. The change from the manner of life in which she had been brought up in her native New England, was great. But she never complained, and busied herself with those duties which befit the wife of a lowly emigrant.

One of her principal cares was an invalid boy. The charge of his health, and of his mind, occupied her most anxious thoughts. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, and which seemed to be placed in her hand, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in heaven, and of his will respecting little children.

She pointed out almighty goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun rejoicing in the east; in the gently-falling rain; the frail plants, and the dews that nourish them. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm and the lofty thunder, because they came from God.

She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, how he took young children in his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And

a voice from within, urged her never to desist from cherishing that tender and deep-rooted piety, because, like the flower of grass, he must soon pass away.

Jane Harwood had a different, and a still deeper trial, in the intemperance of her husband. In his fits of intoxication, there was no form of persecution which distressed her so much, as unkindness to the feeble and suffering boy. On such occasions, it was in vain that she attempted to protect him. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father.

The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered like a crushed flower. It was of no avail that neighbours remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

The wasted and wild-eyed invalid, shrank from the glance and footstep of his father, as from the approach of a foe. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease that might else have yielded. Returning spring brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption laid its hand upon his vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

“Mother, I wish I could once more smell the violets that grew upon the green bank, by our old, dear home.” “It is too early for violets, my child; but the grass is growing bright and beautiful around us and the birds sing sweetly, as if their little hearts were full of praise.” The mother knew that his

lectic fever had been recently increasing, and saw that there was a strange brightness in his eye.

Seating herself on his low bed, she bowed her face to his to soothe and compose him. "Mother, do you think my father will come?" Dreading the alarm which, in his paroxysms of coughing, he evinced at his father's approach, she answered, "I think not, love; you had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I am not afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his, once more, as he used to do, when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say a kind good bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing earnestly in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer. "My son! my dear son! say, Lord Jesus receive my spirit." "Mother," he replied, with a smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready for me. I am willing to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her once more. That is all. Now sing to me; and oh! wrap me closer in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with the death-grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge. "Sing louder, a little louder, dearest mother, I cannot hear you." Tremulous tones, like those of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his, one shudder, and all was over.

She stretched the body on the bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude—

alone with the dead. Only the soft breathings of the sleeping babe were heard. Then the silence was broken by a piercing voice of supplication for strength to endure. The petition, which began in weakness, closed in faith. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to him who had released the dove-like spirit from its prison house of pain, to share the bliss of angels.

She arose from her knees, and bent calmly over the dead. The placid features wore the same smile as when he had spoken of Jesus. She smoothed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Amid her tears was an expression, chastened and sublime, as of one who gives a cherub back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pale, immoveable brow. "See, he no longer suffers." He drew near, and looked with surprise on the dead. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell upon the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. He even spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother, and she, who a few moments before, felt raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant, as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

James Harwood returned from the funeral of the child in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. Sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. In broken dreams, he fancied that he heard him coughing from his low bed, as he was wont to do. With a strange disposition of kindness he felt constrained

to go to him, but his limbs refused their office. Then a little, thin, dead, hand, would be thrust from the dark grave, and beckon him to follow to the unseen world.

While conscience thus haunted him with terrors, many prayers arose from pitying and pious hearts, that he might now be led to repentance. There was, indeed, a change in his habits; and she, who was above all others interested in his reformation, spared no effort to win him back to the path of virtue, and to sooth his accusing spirit into peace with itself, and obedience to its God.

Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of the conflict of grief and remorse against intemperance, only to see them suddenly overthrown. The reviving goodness, with whose promise she had so solaced herself, as even to give thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning-dew. Habits of industry, which seemed to have been springing up, proved themselves to be without root.

The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to that tender and trusting wife, who "against hope, had believed in hope," resumed its habitual sway. The friends who had alternately reprov'd and encouraged him, felt that their efforts were of no avail. Intemperance, like the "strong man armed," took final possession of a soul, that lifted no prayer for aid to the Holy Spirit, and ceased to stir itself up to struggle with the destroyer.

To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed now

the principal object of this miserable man. Day after day, did she witness for herself and for her household, the fearful changes of his causeless anger and brutal tyranny. She felt the utter necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above.

She was faithful in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her, and especially careful not to irritate him by reproaches or a gloomy countenance. Yet she could not sometimes prevent from rising mournfully to her view, her sweet native village,—the peaceful home and fond friends of her childhood so far away,—and the constant, endearing attentions, which won her early love for one whose ill-treatment now strewed her path with thorns.

In this new and solitary settlement, she had no relative to protect her from his insolence; she felt that she was entirely in his power,—that it was a power without generosity,—and that there is no tyranny so entire and terrible, as that of an alienated and intemperate husband.

Still, looking to her Father in Heaven, she found her courage revive, and deepen into a childlike confidence. After putting her children to bed, as she sat alone, evening after evening,—while the joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, she questioned her heart what had been its gain from Heaven's discipline, and whether she was to sustain that greatest of all losses, the loss of the spiritual benefit intended by affliction.

The absences of her husband grew more frequent and protracted. Once, during the third night of his departure, she knew not where, she lay sleepless, listening for his footsteps. Sometimes she fancied she heard his shouts of wild laughter, but it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then, she thought the sounds of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest.

All night long she listened to these tumults, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Early in the morning, her eye was attracted by a group coming up slowly from the river which ran near her dwelling. A terrible foreboding came upon her. She thought they bore a corpse. It was, indeed, the corpse of her husband. He had been drowned, as it was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, while attempting to cross a bridge of logs, which had been broken by the swollen waters.

Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the hardships of emigration and the privations of poverty, the burdens of unceasing toil and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her first-born in the grave, with resignation, for faith had heard her Redeemer saying, "Suffer the little one to come unto me."

She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope had lingered with her, as an "anchor of the soul," the hope that he

might yet repent and be reclaimed. But now he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged with sacrifice, or offering, forever."

She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the judge's bar. There were bitter dregs in this cup of wo, which she had never before tasted. With heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature, was the victim of intemperance borne from the house that he had troubled, and buried by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. And among those who surrounded his open grave, there was sorrow, bearing the features of that fearful "sorrow which is without hope."

"I HAVE SEEN AN END OF ALL PERFECTION."—*Psalms.*

I HAVE seen a man in the glory of his days, in the pride of his strength. He was built like the strong oak, that strikes its root deep in the earth—like the tall cedar, that lifts its head above the trees of the forest.

He feared no danger,—he felt no sickness.—he wondered why any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous like his body. He was perplexed at no intricacy, he was daunted at no obstacle. Into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain.

He went forth boldly upon the face of the mighty deep. He surveyed the nations of the earth. He measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names. He gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed.

And when I looked upon him, I said with the poet, "what a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

I returned—but his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud. His broken frame was like some ruined tower. His hairs were white and scattered, and his eye gazed vacantly upon the passers by.

The vigour of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained.

He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow, he wept. His decaying memory had become treacherous. It showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed.

His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as enemies. He thought himself strong and healthful, while his feet tottered on the verge of the grave.

He said of his son, "he is my brother;" of his daughter, "I know her not." He even inquired what was his own name. And as I gazed mournfully upon him, one who supported his feeble frame and ministered to his many wants, said to me, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female, treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of morning; her lips moved, and there was melody; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze.

I returned—she was not in the dance. I sought her among her gay companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there, the music of her voice was silent. She rejoiced on earth no more.

I saw a train, sable, and slow-paced. Sadly they bore toward an open grave, what once was animated

and beautiful. As they drew near, they paused, and a voice broke the solemn silence.

“Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.”

Then they let down into the deep, dark pit, that maiden whose lips, but a few days since, were like the half-blown rosebud. I shuddered at the sound of clods falling upon the hollow coffin.

Then I heard a voice saying, “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” They covered her with the damp soil, and the uprooted turf of the valley, and turned again to their own homes.

But one mourner lingered to cast himself upon the tomb. And as he wept, he said, “there is no beauty, nor grace, nor loveliness, but what vanisheth like the morning dew. I have seen an end of all perfection.”

I saw a fair white dwelling, behind shady trees. Flowers were cultivated around it. The clustering vine wreathed above its door, and the woodbine looked in at its windows. A mother was there fondling her young babe. Another, who had just learned to lisp its first wishes, sat on the father's knee. He looked on them all, with a loving smile, and a heart full of happiness.

I returned—the flowers had perished, the vine was dead at the root. Weeds towered where the woodbine blossomed, and tangled grass sprung up by the threshold where many feet used to tread. There

was no sound of sporting children, or of the mother singing to her babe.

I turned my steps to the church-yard. Three new mounds were added there. That mother slept between her sons. A lonely man was bowing down there, whose face I did not see. But I knew his voice, when he said in his low prayer of sorrow, "Thou hast made desolate all my company." The tall grass rustled and sighed in the cold east wind. Methought it said, "See, an end of all perfection."

I saw an infant with a ruddy brow, and a form like polished ivory. Its motions were graceful, and its merry laughter made other hearts glad. Sometimes it wept, and again it rejoiced, when none knew why. But whether its cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye shone more brilliant through tears, it was beautiful.

It was beautiful, because it was innocent. And care-worn and sinful men, admired, when they beheld it. It was like the first blossom which some cherished plant has put forth, whose cup sparkles with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon the parent-stem.

Again I looked. It had become a child. The lamp of reason had beamed into its mind. It was simple, and single-hearted, and a follower of the truth. It loved every little bird that sang in the trees, and every fresh blossom. Its heart danced with joy, as it looked around on this good and pleasant world.

It stood like a lamb before its teachers, it bowed its ear to instruction, it walked in the way of know-

ledge. It was not proud or stubborn or envious; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered our Saviour's words, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

I saw a man whom the world calls honourable. Many waited for his smile. They pointed to the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold which he had gathered. They praised the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family.

But the secret language of his heart was, "by my wisdom have I gotten all this." So he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. As I passed along, I heard the complaints of the labourers who had reaped his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away.

The sound of feasting and revelry was in his mansion, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High.

And when I knew that this man was the docile child whom I had loved, the beautiful infant on whom I had gazed with delight, I said in my bitterness, "*I have seen an end of all perfection.*" So I laid my mouth in the dust.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE was born at Ilchester, in England, September 11th, 1674. Her parents were distinguished for integrity, benevolence, and piety. In early childhood, she displayed a desire to profit by their precepts and follow their example.

She had an only sister, whom she tenderly loved. They always wished to be together. Side by side, they studied, worked, warbled the same hymn, and had no idea of a separate enjoyment. But the eldest, was smitten in her youth and loveliness, and the lonely survivor walked on, with the burden of a deep sorrow.

This affliction seemed to deepen the religious impressions which from early life she had cherished. It brought the thoughts of the eternal world more near, and humbled her in the most solemn acts of devotion. In the pursuit of knowledge, she was also persevering and successful.

With the French and Italian languages, she became familiar. Painting, music, and poetry she had practised from a child. Her love of the latter predominated, and she found it both a solace in grief, and a heightener of every pleasure. At the age of twenty-two, a volume of her poems was published, which attracted attention and praise.

But her uncommon accomplishments, and the admiration they received, created no vanity. She was remarked for her unaffected manners, sweetness of disposition, and active benevolence. She

even made herself acquainted with the study of medicine, that she might relieve the indigent sick, who were unable to pay a physician, and they viewed her as a guardian angel.

She married Mr. Thomas Rowe, a man of distinguished talents and attainments, who warmly reciprocated the attachment of her refined and affectionate spirit. But only five years of conjugal happiness was allotted them; and after his lamented death, she retired to a solitary estate in Frome, where she sought to comfort her widowhood by intellectual pursuits, and works of charity.

She meditated so much on the happiness of departed friends, and made herself so familiar in thought with the world of spirits, that she was induced to compose a volume of "Letters from the Dead to the Living." These were followed by "Letters, Moral and Entertaining," where she endeavours by fictitious examples, to expose the deformity of vice, and allure to the practice of virtue.

She wrote other books, among which were the "History of Joseph," and "Devout Exercises of the Heart." So great was her fondness for study and writing, that though her society was courted by families of rank and opulence, she quitted her beloved retirement with reluctance, and returned to it with increased delight.

Still, she had the kindest social feelings, and her manners were a model of unaffected politeness. She excelled in conversation, as well as with her pen. The most elegant language flowed from her

lips, she spoke gracefully, and her tone of voice was singularly sweet and harmonious.

Though she was agreeable, and even beautiful in her person, she did not sacrifice her time to the decorations of dress. She was always neat in her apparel, but did not allow the toilet to interfere with nobler pursuits. For empty ceremony and ostentatious fashion, she had neither time nor taste.

She discountenanced every kind of luxury. She preferred to have her table simply spread, and devote to the poor the money which would have loaded it with dainties. She felt that the pampering of the appetite was unworthy of beings fitted for higher pleasures, and formed for immortality.

She was affable and courteous to persons in humble stations. Her domestics she treated with the utmost kindness. She saw that they had every needful attention in sickness, and often sat by their bedside, reading them books of useful instruction and pious counsel.

Her heart was eminently formed for friendship. She rendered every service in her power to those whom she loved. By a warm and generous sympathy, she made their sorrows her own. She was candid and tender, in pointing out their faults, and above all, strove to win their hearts to the love of that true, piety which had rendered her life so happy.

Her charities were extensive. The greatest part of her income was devoted to them. She took pleasure in denying herself superfluities, that she might have more to bestow on those who were des-

titute of comforts. She worked with her own hands to relieve their necessities. Tears flowed down her cheeks at a tale of distress, and not content with sending bounty, she visited in person, the hovels of poverty and contagion.

She gave books to the ignorant. She educated poor children, supplied them with clothing, and instructed them herself in the principles of the christian religion. Such was her reputation for benevolence, that the indigent from neighbouring villages resorted to her, and shared in her alms and her sympathies.

One of her great excellencies, was a most sweet and amiable disposition. She was unruffled by the common crossing incidents of life, those petty obstructions, which throw the temper off its guard more than real afflictions. Neither infirmities, or advancing age, disturbed this serenity.

Servants, who had lived with her for nearly twenty years, never saw her out of temper. Indeed, it has been said, that she was not known throughout her whole life, to utter an unkind or an ill-natured expression. To scandal and calumny she had a most rooted aversion, and defended the reputation of others, as far as was in her power.

Her talent for conversation, she made use of as a means, not merely of imparting pleasure, but of doing good. When she wished to excite a person to the practice of any particular virtue, she sometimes delicately praised those who had been eminent for it, hoping they might thus, by the beauty of example, be quickened to imitation.

AH her deportment was marked by true humility. And though her excellence could not shield her from enmity, and from the slanders of that envy which follows eminent goodness, and "like the shadow proves the substance true," she avoided resentment, and considered herself thus called upon to exercise the christian virtue of forgiveness.

She was strict in the observances of religion. She adopted the rule of the Psalmist, "evening and morning and noon, will I pray;" and retired three times a day for stated private devotion. In the duties of the Sabbath she was exemplary, caused the Scriptures to be daily read in her family, and attended the sacrament of the Lord's supper, with great veneration and love.

A life so blameless, a trust so firm in God, a mind so conversant with a future and better world, seemed to have divested death of terror. He came as a messenger to conduct her to that state of purity and bliss, for which she had been so long preparing.

A short time before the event, though in perfect health, she mentioned to a religious friend a conviction that she should soon depart, wrote several solemn and affectionate letters, not to be communicated till after her decease, and a paper, giving directions for a plain and private funeral, and a grave without monument or inscription.

On the day of her death, she was in perfect health, spent the evening cheerfully with a friend, and retired at the usual hour to her chamber. There, she was soon after found by her servant, prostrate on the floor, and at the last gasp.

She died on Sunday, February 28th, 1737. A religious book was found open by her, and a paper on which she had written a few devout thoughts. It was her stated hour for prayer. Probably, her soul while in sublimated communion with her God, passed to "his presence, where is fulness of joy; to his right hand, where are pleasures forevermore."

MRS. JERUSHA LATHROP.

MRS. JERUSHA LATHROP was born at Hartford, Conn., May 10th, 1717. She was the daughter of Governor Talcott, and enjoyed the benefit of the example of pious parents. She early displayed an amiable disposition, a mind of quick and strong powers, and an affectionate heart.

In those days, the advantages of school-education could not be obtained, as they now are, by all. The colony had been settled but little more than eighty years. The hardships of those, who had found it a wilderness, were freshly remembered. Simplicity of living, and industrious habits, still prevailed among the most wealthy families.

The subject of this sketch used often to remark, that she was never in a school-house in her life. Still she received a good education. The family of her parents was a school for her, and their precept and example were her teachers. There she learned what fitted her for this life and the next.

Obedience and diligence were the first letters in her alphabet. Lessons of piety began at her cradle, and domestic industry with her early childhood. She soon acquired the use of the needle and knitting-needles in all their varieties. The foundation of good housekeeping, in which she excelled throughout her life, was laid by her mother, who permitted her to be an assistant in her own employments, while she was yet a child.

Her intellectual culture was not neglected. She

had a great fondness for reading and writing. Her acquaintance with the standard authors of the English language was thorough, and in poetry she took high and deep delight. There were then but few books. Yet from this scarcity she derived the benefit of reading with such careful attention, as to impress their contents deeply on her memory, and carry what she learned in youth, to the close of a long life.

She possessed herself of the accomplishments which entered into the education of the daughters of the wealthy. They were required by her station. Instrumental music was not then numbered among them. But she became an adept in vocal music, and had the gift of a voice of great compass and melody. Embroidery was much prized, and she excelled in it. Chairs, curtains, toiles, and other useful and ornamental articles, attested her skill and persevering industry. To her many other attainments, she added gentle, graceful, and dignified manners, that accomplishment which is admired by all, and which never goes out of fashion. She was taught the precept, that the richest dress might become antiquated, and the most beautiful face grow old, but good manners were a garb fitting for every occasion, and a language understood in all lands.

At the age of eighteen, she was married to Dr. Daniel Lathrop, of Norwich, Conn. He was a man of excellent talents and principles, and to the best education which this country afforded, had added the advantage of several years residence in Europe. His mind was enlarged by literary and scientific re-

search, and it was his pleasure to employ his fortune in encouraging industrious enterprise, and drawing merit from obscurity.

The young wife entered upon her new duties with affectionate energy, and trust in Divine aid. She made home a delightful spot to her husband, and reciprocated his affection and confidence. She cheered by respect and attention the last days of his aged father. She looked well to the ways of her household, guided her servants with discretion, and convinced them that she felt a sincere interest in their welfare and improvement.

Moving in an elevated sphere, considered the ornament and pride of the society in which she mingled, and surrounded by all the elements of conjugal felicity, the piety which early struck deep root in her soul, gave her wisdom beyond her years, and preserved her from the pride of prosperity. In the important responsibilities of a mother she was faithful and exemplary.

She was blessed with three sons, beautiful in person, and in mind. The eldest displayed great maturity of intellect and character. He delighted to sit as a solitary student, and store his memory with sacred and sublime passages from the best authors. The religious instructions of his mother were his delight, and often, at his hour of retiring, he would ask with an interesting solemnity, "Do you think I have done any thing to-day to offend my Father in Heaven?"

The second had a form of grace, and a complexion of feminine delicacy. The tones of his voice

promised to attain the melting richness of his mother's, as a bud opens into the perfect flower. The youngest, when he completed his third year, was the picture of health, vigour, and joy. Golden curls clustered around his broad, lofty forehead, and his beautiful features were radiant with the glow of intelligence, or the gladness of mirth.

The eldest, the little student as he was called, had attained the age of seven years. Suddenly he was smitten, while at his books, with a fatal disease. One night he suffered; the next, he was not among the living. Ere he was laid in the tomb, the second drooped. Tears quivered in his soft blue eyes, like dew in the bell of the hyacinth. Yet, if he might lay his head upon his mother's bosom, he would endure without repining.

The dying boy pressed his mother to sing the hymn that he loved. She controlled her grief, to cheer him once more with its trembling harmony. It was then that he breathed away his soul, whispering of the angels and their celestial melodies. The youngest was next taken. So strongly did he struggle with the destroyer, and so fearful were his agonies and convulsions, that those who best loved him, could not but give thanks when the beautiful clay was at peace.

These three lovely children were laid in one grave, in one week. The bereaved parents ever continued childless. The mother was in her twenty-sixth year when this affliction came upon her. She looked to him who had ordained it. She strove to remember that her dear ones were his. She exerted

herself to sustain and cheer her sorrowing husband, and laid open the burden of her griefs only to the Father of her spirit.

She seriously examined her heart, to know what evil or error it cherished, to render such severe discipline necessary. This solemn inquiry is revealed in a poem, which she composed during the earlier stages of her mourning, from which we extract the following lines, as a specimen of the earnestness with which she desired to be made better by the sorrow that had pierced her heart.

“Oh, teach me why thou dost contend, and say
Thy comforts blasted, hasten to decay;
Teach me the paths whercin I go astray;
Reveal the secret errors of my way;
Reform, correct, subdue the offending mind,
Too often stubborn, impotent, or blind.”

A visible blessing descended upon her prayers that this bereavement might be sanctified to her improvement in piety. Her wounded sensibilities subsided into that resignation which brings peace, and into an untiring benevolence. Her sympathies were quickened for all who mourned, and she relieved the children of sorrow and poverty with the benignity of an angel.

It was late in life, when the affliction of widowhood came upon her. She was appointed to watch over her husband, during the pains of a protracted sickness, and to mark with still keener anguish the mental decay of him, who had been her dearest friend and counsellor. “I have seen an end of all perfection,” said she, when his strong and brilliant

mind yielded to the pressure of sickness, and when he was laid in the grave she put her whole trust in the widow's God.

From that hour, she derived her chief solace from doing good. She seemed to love the poor, as if they were unfortunate members of her own family. They came to her and received food and clothing, kind words, and religious counsel. Her care for those in distress knew no pause while life lasted. Indeed, it extended beyond it, as she left in her will a considerable sum, for the payment of the taxes of the poor.

A few miles from the city where she resided, was the remnant of a once powerful tribe of Indians. They had been invariably friendly to our ancestors. They had supplied them with corn, during the famine that sometimes oppressed the infant colony, and had shed their blood in the defence of their white friends. Now they had become poor and despised. Their royal family was extinct, and they were as strangers in the land of their fathers.

For them her sympathies were enlisted. She proportioned her bounties to their needs. Her friendly words, and courteous deportment, were a cordial to their withered hearts. Particularly at the stated festivals of Christmas, and thanksgiving, they were remembered. And when they thronged to receive the bounty which she had provided for them, she was often seen to regard their meek and abject countenances with a tearful, tender glance, remembering that they were once the lords of the soil.

The poor red people of the forest, and the sable African, she regarded with pitying kindness. She strove to elevate their condition, and to cheer them with hope, and to impress on them the importance of right conduct, assuring them that their souls were precious in the eye of a Redeemer. She informed herself of the state of the sick poor, and sent them portions according to their necessities. Her benefactions often came so secretly, that the relieved party knew not from whence they flowed, for she desired not the praise of man.

There was nothing in which she more delighted than to do good to children. She assisted in the education of those, whose parents were in restricted circumstances, and distributed useful books to those who were unable to purchase them. She formed an acquaintance with the teachers of schools, and rewarded such of their pupils as distinguished themselves by good scholarship, and correct deportment.

She loved to surround herself on Saturday afternoons, with the children of the neighbourhood. She interested them with delineations of birds, plants, and animals, which, with her scissors or pencil, she rapidly and skilfully executed. She charmed them with the melody and high sentiment of her ancient songs, or touched their hearts with the devout hymns with which her memory was stored. She drew them around her table, and dismissed them at sunset, with some simple present, made happier and better by the sacred instructions which she mingled with her deeds of kindness.

She ever maintained the excellent custom of

bringing up some poor or orphan child as a domestic. Many of these repaid her in their future lives, by their respectability and piety, and felt that it was a privilege to have grown up under the shadow of her wisdom. In the arrangement of her household, she united prudence with a liberal hospitality. She economized in her personal expenditure, that she might have the more to give to those who needed.

She prized the intercourse of friendship. She received friends at her house in a simple, unostentatious manner, and delighted them with her intelligent and instructive conversation. Especially she showed attention and respect to the ministers of religion, and required all under her care to treat them with reverence. Fondness for reading, filled the little vacancies of life, and the strong and kind interest she took in those around, particularly in all the young, served to keep her mind unimpaired, and her feelings vivid.

When more than fourscore years of age, her light step, and animated aspect, surprised beholders. A fine forehead, scarcely furrowed, a clear, expressive eye, a tall and graceful person, whose symmetry age had respected, and the most affable and dignified manners, rendered her an object of interest to all who approached her. To the last, her voice retained that musical and exquisite tone, which seemed an echo of the soul's harmony.

Thus she lived, venerated, and imparting happiness. The virtues which made her beloved, continued to flourish, and put forth new, fresh blossoms, until her life's end. They could not wither, even

amid the frosts of age, for their root was an ever-living piety. There is no doubt that her afflictions contributed to her excellence. For when they fell upon her, with what seemed a crushing weight, she cast away the selfishness of grief, and took hold of the anchor of faith, and the crown of charity.

The close of her life was like the fading of a serene sabbath into the holy quiet of its evening. As she entered her eighty-ninth year, a gentle sickness was the herald of the last messenger. On the morning of September 14th, 1805, her spirit departed. So peaceful was the transition, that the precise moment when she ceased to breathe, could not be told by those who watched over her pillow with ardent and grateful love. "But I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE was born in the year 1745, at Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester, England. She was the youngest but one, of five sisters. Her father received a learned education, and was intended for the ministry. But a reverse of fortune changed his destination, and he became the teacher of a school, which, with close economy, afforded him a support.

Mrs. More's mother was the daughter of a farmer. She had received only a plain education; but her strong mind, good sense, and sound judgment, and the active part she took in the formation of her children's early habits, contributed essentially to their future success and distinction.

The subject of this memoir, when very young, exhibited great quickness of perception, and thirst for knowledge. By listening to the lessons given to her elder sisters, she made considerable progress in reading, at three years old, and learned to repeat the Catechism in such a manner as to call forth the wondering admiration of the minister of the parish.

At eight, she was continually asking her father about ancient history and the classics. As his library was not furnished with the authors which he had himself studied, he used to gratify her by opening the stores of his own retentive memory. Seated on his knee, the little girl listened with eager attention to the revolutions of Greece and Rome, and to the

most striking events that diversify the page of history.

He recited to her the speeches of heroes, first in their original languages, to gratify her ear with the sound. Then he translated them into English. The parallel characters and precepts of Plutarch, were a favourite part of these fireside discourses. Perhaps thus was unconsciously laid, the foundation for that high morality which pervaded her future writings.

He began also to instruct her in Latin and mathematics. So astonishing was her progress, that he began to be alarmed lest her mind should be turned entirely from the duties of her sex. He ceased his instruction in these sciences. But she pursued by herself the Latin classics, and so thoroughly were the rudiments, imparted by her father, engraved upon her docile mind, that she used ever to say, that conversation with an enlightened parent, or preceptor, was one of the best modes of education.

At a still earlier age, whenever she could possess herself of a scrap of paper, it was her delight to cover it entirely with some little essay or poem. One of her highest anticipations was, that she might one day be rich enough to have a whole quire of paper. So striking were some of the thoughts and expressions that she communicated nightly to the sister with whom she slept, that she would sometimes rise, and endeavour to procure a light, and the cover of some old letter, on which to write Hannah's effusions, lest they should escape from memory.

The eldest of her sisters was sent to school at

Bristol, that she might qualify herself for a teacher. At the close of every week she returned home, and diligently taught her sisters what she had herself gained. This was the foundation of the education of the distinguished Hannah More; the knowledge gathered from the lips of parents and sisters, during the usual occupations of the family.

She thus acquired the French language, and by improving every opportunity of conversing in it, when she met with natives of that country, of cultivated minds, became distinguished for its free and elegant use. In every study which she attempted, her diligence and perseverance knew no interruption. She felt the full importance of acquiring knowledge, and made vigorous efforts to that end. Her love of goodness, was equal to her love of knowledge, and God crowned both with success.

When she was twelve years old, her three elder sisters commenced a boarding-school at Bristol, and took her under their care. The eldest was then but twenty years of age, yet, with such ability and discretion was the establishment conducted, that it immediately gained and preserved a very high reputation.

The young teachers laboured to instil into the minds of their pupils, the same exalted sense of morality, and deep religious principle, which had formed the basis of their own domestic education. They never ceased to acknowledge the value of the instruction of their pious parents, and the pains they had taken to impress on their hearts the sanctity of the sabbath, and of the ordinances of religion.

Their talented sister was careful to obey all their rules. She testified her gratitude for the heightened advantages of education which she enjoyed through their exertions. It was to aid them in furnishing their scholars with some interesting and moral composition to commit to memory, and recite, that she wrote the pastoral drama of the "Search after Happiness."

Thus it seems that her sweet, sisterly feeling prompted her, when scarcely seventeen years old, to take the first step in that career of authorship, where, for the long period of seventy years, she was to walk, improving and enlightening the world. Before she arrived at the age of thirty, she became generally known as a writer of great ability, and the praises of her learning and genius, reached her from the lips of the most illustrious in the realm.

True piety preserved her from the vanity which must else have destroyed her. She mingled in the circles of rank and fashion, only to return with a wider experience, and a warmer zeal, to the labours of love that she had marked out for herself. She tasted of the world, that she might overcome it. She was raised above its temptations, by the grace of Him whom she had sought in her youth, whose eye is ever upon "them that fear him, that hope in his mercy."

We have not room, here to mention the various character of her numerous and excellent works. But her intellectual labours did not turn her attention from the duties of religion and charity. After the retirement of her sisters from the school for

young ladies, which they many years conducted, she co-operated with them in establishing and teaching Sunday-schools in various parishes.

She persevered in all that she attempted, notwithstanding feeble health, and many attacks of dangerous disease. Misconstruction and calumny were sometimes her portion. But she rose above them, and kept on her way rejoicing. The friendship of the good and virtuous was her shield, in all the attacks of enmity.

In 1802 she erected a beautiful thatched cottage, in an elevated and picturesque situation, to which she gave the name of Barley Wood. There she retired with her sisters, and the grounds were arranged and ornamented by their united taste. She was herself exceedingly fond of cultivating the beauties of nature; and a cabinet-table, from whence issued many a sheet for the edification of mankind, was inlaid with small diamond shaped pieces of wood, from trees which her own hand had planted.

In this hallowed retreat, her three elder sisters paid the debt of nature, according to the order of their birth. Each had attained the age of seventy-five years. In the autumn of 1819, the youngest was taken, and the solitary survivor bore these bereavements with that faith which looks beyond the world, for a re-union with the beloved. The affection of this family of sisters, had been ardent and without a cloud. The supports of piety were necessary to console the one who was left, to finish her journey alone.

In 1828 she removed to Clifton. Though more

than fourscore years old, she still continued to meet the claims of her correspondents, though she desisted from the composition of large volumes. She excelled in the epistolary style, and in speaking of it, says, "What I wish for in a letter, is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; to have him show me the inside of his heart without disguise. I have this feeling when I write letters. If I seek wisdom and lofty sentiment, I can find them in books."

The last letter which she wrote was in her eighty-eighth year. To the close of her long life her eye was not dim. She could easily read the smallest print without spectacles. Her hearing was but slightly impaired, and her features were neither wrinkled nor uncomely. No impatient expression was heard to escape her lips, even in moments of the deepest suffering, and her beneficence and charitable feelings increased to the last.

As she approached the verge of life, her vigour of mind yielded to declining health; but the fervour of her religious trust gained new strength. Almost every thought was prayer. In the energy of her expiring petitions, her friends, and those who ministered around her bed, were earnestly commended to the care of the Almighty.

She was continually blessing those around her, as death approached. "May we meet in an eternal, a glorious world." A friend mentioned her good deeds,—her labours of benevolence. "Talk not so vainly," she replied. "I utterly cast them from me.

I fall low at the foot of the cross." So full of humility was one, who had been the instrument of so great good in her day and generation.

The night before her death, there was an unusual brightness in her countenance. Striving to rise a little from her pillow, she stretched out her arms, and uttered the name of her favourite sister, the last who had died, and exclaimed, in a clear voice, "joy!" as if she indeed welcomed her. Then her pulse grew fainter, and she lay for hours, as if in the gentle breathing of infant sleep, broken occasionally by a sigh or groan. It was early in the afternoon of September 7th, 1833, that she ceased to breathe.

In reading the works of this illustrious lady, we are surprised both at their variety of subject and compass of thought. With equal ease, she marked out the map of virtue for a princess, or held the lamp of truth to the miserable colliers, amid the darkness of the mines. She could touch the tenderest chords of the heart in her poem on "Sensibility," or set forth the rudiments of a peasant's faith, in the ballad of "Dan and Jane."

She could descend to the simplest alphabet of morality, in her tales of "the Postilion," the "Poacher," and the "Orange-Girl;" or soar to the highest regions of sublimity, to portray the lineaments of St. Paul, that "very chiefest of the apostles." A mind, fitted like hers to range through the regions of fancy, and catch the richness of classic imagery, must be eminent in self-control, thus to humble it-

self to the petty and painful details of human wretchedness and vice.

Though the writings of Mrs. Hannah More display such diversity, both in plan and style, they always clearly keep in view the improvement and benefit of mankind. She never makes Vice beautiful, that it may captivate the unguarded heart; or forms associations of thought, which make work for repentance.

Some of her best works, have been devoted to the good of her own sex. They have discouraged trifling pursuits and frivolous pleasures, and warned them of the power which they might exercise to elevate and purify society, without departing from the sphere which Heaven had enjoined.

The effect, as well as the tendency of her writings, has been salutary. It has been acknowledged by politicians, that her native country has profited by their spirit of patriotism, and masculine force of argument, which fearlessly admonishing the highest ranks of their obligations, and inciting indigence to its duty, laboured to rectify public opinion, to remove prejudices against just government, and to show, that the safety of a nation is in the early and pious nurture of all its children.

The diffusion of her works has kept pace with their value. It may truly be said of them, that "their speech has gone forth to the end of the world." Besides their wide circulation, wherever her native tongue is spoken, some of them have been translated into the languages of France, of Germany, of Greece, and of Ceylon.

In our country, they have been warmly welcomed, and highly appreciated. Companions of the bible, they have travelled with the family of the emigrant to our remotest frontiers. Where the axe of the woodman awakens echoes which had slept from creation, the solitary matron is cheered in her toils by "Practical Piety;" reads aloud by her evening fireside, the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain;" or marks her little ones weeping tender tears, at the story of the prophet in his bulrush-cradle, upon the devouring Nile.

From youth, till the decline of a long life, it was her business and her prayer, to sow the seeds of virtue and of piety. Different nations and tongues bring their tribute of gratitude, and honour her memory. A blessing, most desirable in this life, most powerful over the destinies of the next, was granted her: *the influence of mind over mind*. This, entering both the palace and the cottage, made their inmates wiser and better. It will continue to exist, when the distinctions of rank are forgotten, and their proudest monuments have mouldered into dust.

MRS. MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY was born at Charleston, (South Carolina,) November 3, 1759. Her father, Colonel Henry Laurens, was conspicuous as a man of talents, and a statesman. Their ancestors were French protestants, or Huguenots, who took refuge in this country, "for righteousness sake," during the persecutions in the reign of Louis Fourteenth.

Her love of knowledge was very early developed. At the age of three years, she could read any English book without difficulty. She soon added geography and arithmetic, a grammatical knowledge of the French language, composition, and mathematics.

She was assiduous in abridging and transcribing the authors that she read, and by her diligence in impressing the substance of their remarks, and sometimes their words, laid the foundation for that wonderful memory by which she was distinguished through life. Feminine accomplishments, and the ornamental parts of education, she was successful in acquiring. Indeed, whatever study was recommended to her, she pursued with such docility and fixed attention, as enabled her to excel.

At the age of eleven, her excellent mother died, and she, with her only sister, was placed under the care of a tender and pious aunt. Her father went to Europe, to superintend the education of his sons, and for the long period of eleven years, she had no intercourse with him, except by the pen.

This separation from a beloved father, with the afflicting loss of her mother, had the effect to draw her nearer to her heavenly parent. Her religious impressions became distinctly visible, and her conduct was evidently guided by hopes that are not of this world.

Among her devotional papers, one was found, after her decease, written when she was fourteen years old, where, in a strain of fervent and eloquent piety, which would do honour to the most experienced Christian, she dedicates herself to the service of the Almighty. It was the language of a heart, surrounded by the gayeties of youth, and the allurements of wealth, devoting itself to him, who has promised, that those "who seek early, shall find."

She accompanied her uncle and aunt to England, and there, at the age of sixteen, made a public profession of her Christian faith. In this act, she always rejoiced, as giving strength to the confidence which, from still earlier years, she had placed in her heavenly protector. She now sought the society of the wise and pious, and in a letter to a friend, says, "my highest ambition is, to have my will, in all things, subject to the Divine will."

The war between England and her native country soon commenced, and her father was called home, and appointed to an important station in that arduous struggle. It was one of her most painful trials, to hear him censured as an ambitious, unprincipled man, and a fomentor of discord between Great Britain and the colonies. But armed with the meekness which cometh from above, she replied

not to these revilings, but poured out her sorrows in secret prayer.

While her father filled the office of President of Congress, foreseeing that peril must long overshadow the land, he wrote his daughter to prepare for a reverse, and even, if it were necessary, to obtain a subsistence by her own labour. "If instead of affluence," said he, "to which you have still a just claim, servitude should be your portion, meet it with an honest and pious heart, like one who has been neither affectedly, nor fashionably religious."

In 1778, she passed with her uncle, aunt, and sister, to France. Their native country was now the seat of war. To obtain remittances, became more and more difficult. But the evils of poverty in a foreign land, to those who had been always accustomed to the indulgences of wealth, were borne without repining, and mutual affection sweetened their frugal repast.

The health of her uncle became so feeble, that he resigned all hope of recovery. Her father, sent to England on business for his country, was thrown a prisoner into the Tower, on a charge of high treason, and in danger of his life. Charleston was in the hands of the enemy; Carolina overrun by their armies; and, as the climax of her sorrows, news came, that her beloved brother, John Laurens, had fallen in battle.

Now, the value of that religion, which she had chosen in childhood, was fully revealed. She was enabled to endure, without murmuring, and even cheerfully. In her journal, she writes, "My soul,

be of good courage. Wait on the Lord. He shall strengthen thee. Thou shalt not have one more trial than is necessary. The cross shall never be heavier than thou canst bear."

Ere long, hope began to dawn upon the destinies of her native land. Her father was released from prison, and entrusted with public negotiations to the court of France. She was summoned to join him in Paris, and who can tell the rapture with which, for the first time for almost twelve years, she received his paternal embrace.

The change was great, from the privations of poverty, the toil of the nurse's chamber, and the solitude of a remote country village, to the head of the table of a minister-plenipotentiary, in the gayest metropolis of the gayest clime of Europe. This, to many young ladies, would have been dangerous. But the religion which had supported her in adversity, was her protection in prosperity.

Amid the flatteries that surrounded her, the bible was her daily study. In her journal, she thus writes, when about to join a splendid and fashionable party. "Enable me so to demean myself, that all may take knowledge of me, that I have been with Jesus. Let the law of kindness dwell upon my tongue, and teach me to discountenance sin, in the spirit of humility."

Her father having been long prevented by the obstructions of war, from making her his usual remittances, now gave her at one time, the sum of five hundred guineas. Long compelled to observe the most rigid economy in her wardrobe, did she not

now indulge in the purchase of those expensive articles which she saw continually worn by people with whom she associated?

She applied only a small part to her own use, and that for articles of obvious necessity. With the remainder, she bought one hundred French testaments, and distributed to the poor, established a school in the village where she had resided, engaged a master, and constituted a fund for the permanent support of the institution.

The uncle, who had so kindly been her protector, during her separation from the paternal roof, died in France, of the disease which had for years marked his life with suffering. Being childless, it was his intention to leave the principal part of his fortune to the favourite niece, whose cheerful services in his sick chamber, during their restricted circumstances, had been so constant and invaluable.

She was apprised of this design, and with her usual disinterestedness, expressed an urgent desire, that her sister and brothers might share in his bounty. The will was altered to gratify her wishes, but the uncle also indulged himself, by leaving her a bequest of five hundred pounds sterling, expressly stating it to be "an acknowledgment for her many services to him, and to his family, and for her good and gentle conduct at all times."

Her gratitude, on her return to her native country, was unbounded, to find it, after her ten years exilo, in peace, freedom, and maintaining a rank among the nations of the earth. Not long after, she

became the wife of Dr. David Ramsay, a man highly respected for his eminence in science and literature, and capable of appreciating the worth of the companion whom he had chosen.

Her conduct in the station of a wife, the mistress of a household, and the mother of children, shone forth as an example to all. She lightened the burden of her husband's cares, and assisted him, as far as possible, in his literary and professional labours. In times of general sickness, she sought out, in various books, cases of peculiar importance, and related to him, or presented, in one view, the opinions of standard medical authors.

In the first sixteen years after her marriage, she became the mother of eleven children. In their care and education she was indefatigable. In every season of sickness and pain, she was their most watchful, tender nurse. She sought to procure for each a good constitution, and a well-regulated mind.

She taught them industry, and as they gained vigour, inured them to fatigue and occasional hardship. She required them to restrain their tempers; to subject their desires to the control of reason and religion; to practise self-denial; to bear disappointment; to resist the importunity of present pleasure or pain, for the sake of what wisdom and experience pronounced necessary to be done, or to be suffered.

Their duty to God, she impressed on them while their minds were tender. That they might read

the Bible with pleasure, she connected with it, when they were quite young; a set of prints; and, as they advanced in understanding, added such works as unite uninspired to sacred history, and the Old to the New Testament.

Thus, to the minds of her children, the Bible, though written at widely remote periods, was presented as an uniform, harmonious system of divine truth. The voice of a revered mother was continually heard, enjoining upon them to read daily a portion from its blessed pages, with prayer, and to view it as the rule of their duty, the source of their eternal hope.

She constantly assisted their progress in useful knowledge, and took the whole superintendence of their education. For the use of her first children she compiled a grammar of the English language, not finding those of Lowth and Ash, which were then the only ones she could obtain, subject to the comprehension of unfolding intellects.

She prepared questions for them in ancient and modern history, which they were expected to answer from their general knowledge, and in their own language. From her accurate acquaintance with French, she excelled in it as a teacher; and for their sakes she studied the Greek and Latin classics, so as to become a profitable instructor in those languages.

With the same ardour to advance the education of her children, she studied botany, and refreshed her knowledge of natural and civil history, biography, astronomy, chronology, philosophy, and

an extensive course of voyages and travels. She gave her instructions with regularity, and thus conducted her daughters at home through the studies and accomplishments taught at boarding-schools, and her sons through a course of training, which fitted them to enter college.

She endeavoured to render the sabbath, a season both profitable and pleasant to all the young around her. A part of the intervals of divine worship was spent in reading religious books with her children and servants, and in examining them respecting the sermons, of which she frequently wrote an abridgment from memory. She also read the New Testament in Greek with her sons, and in French with her daughters.

She was exceedingly strict in her improvement of time. By rising early, she secured the best part of the day for devotion, for the necessary duties of a housekeeper, and for the instruction of her children. A portion of each day was devoted to a course of reading, and also to the practice of needlework, in which useful art she rendered her daughters expert, and insisted, even amidst the heat of a Carolina summer, on their systematic industry.

The amount of her writing was wonderful. Besides her diary, she had an extensive correspondence. She excelled in the epistolary style. Some of her letters to her eldest son, while absent at college, are appended to her memoir. She copied for her husband the whole of his "History of the American Revolution," "Life of Washington," "Re-

view of the Progress of Medicine in the Eighteenth Century," and all the earlier part of his "Universal History."

She wrote rapidly, and also a very legible and beautiful hand. It was a rule with her, that whatever was done, should be done well. She had been in the habit of transcribing original papers for her father, as well as her husband, and he pronounced her the best clerk he had ever employed, though, in his extensive public business, he had many of superior excellence.

Her memory was remarkably retentive, and she strengthened it by continual exercise. Though she read many books, their substance remained with her. Of some, she was able to repeat nearly the whole. Her acquaintance with the Scriptures was so intimate, that she could readily quote, or turn to any passage bearing upon the subject of conversation.

For her astonishing amount of industrious performance, and her uniform excellence in every relative duty, she derived strength from her spirit of piety. She lived a life of prayer. In every important transaction, in the midst of her daily cares, she poured her anxieties into the ear of her heavenly Father, solicited his direction, and brought the tribute of her grateful praise.

In her last sickness, she earnestly admonished all around her to seek God by prayer, and to make him their confidence. She asked her husband and children, about four o'clock in the afternoon of June

10th, 1811, if they were willing to give her up. Perceiving that they hesitated, she assured them that the reluctance which she had felt to part with them was now removed by the mercy of God, and expired.

P O E T R Y .



TEACHER'S EXCUSE.

WRITTEN IN SCHOOL.

My friend, I gave a glad assent
To your request at noon,
But now I find I cannot leave
My little ones so soon.

I early came, and as my feet
First entered at the door,
"Remember," to myself I said,
"You must dismiss at four,

But slates, and books, and maps appear,
And many a dear one cries,
"Oh, tell us where that river runs,
And where those mountains rise ;

And where that blind old monarch reign'd,
And who was king before,
And stay a little after five,
And tell us something more."

And then my silent* darling comes,
And who unmoved can view,
The glance of that imploring eye,
"Oh, teach *me* something too."

* A little deaf and dumb girl.

Yet who would think, amid the toil,
(Tho' scarce a toil it be,)
That through the door, the muses coy
Should deign to look at me.

Their look is somewhat cold and stern
As if it meant to say,
"We did not know you kept a school,
We must have lost our way."

Their visit was but short, indeed,
As these light numbers show;
But, oh! they bade me write with speed
"My friend, I cannot go."

THE LADY BUG AND THE ANT

The lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smil'd with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-drest ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn ;

So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laugh'd so loud that the ant looked up
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travell'd on
At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bug fell,
And scatter'd its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amaz'd,
And knew not where to go,
For hoarse November's early blast
Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were chill, and her feet were cold,
And she wish'd for the ant's warm cell,
And what she did when the winter came,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.

And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time.
Than be idle and dress in silk.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

"TELL me a story, *please*," my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me down,
And told her how it rain'd, and rain'd, and rain'd,
Till all the flowers were cover'd, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge roll'd ;
Because the world was wicked, and refus'd
To heed the words of God.

But one good man,
Who long had warn'd the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of heaven,
Had built an ark ; and thither, with his wife
And children, turn'd for safety. Two and two
Of birds and beasts, and creeping things, he took,
With food for all ; and when the tempest roar'd,
And the great fountains of the sky pour'd out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drown'd,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.

And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sail'd
For many days. But then a gentle dove
Scap'd from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er the boundless wave.
All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drown'd,
Because of disobedience.

Nought she spied,
Save wide, deep waters, and dark, frowning skies,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove receiv'd,
And to her mate restor'd, who, with sad moan,
Had wonder'd at her absence.

Then I look'd
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleas'd attention curl'd her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches wav'd, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, and thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, while the tir'd ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Repos'd, and Noah, with glad spirit, rear'd
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek press'd to mine, she fondly asks
"The ark and dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a seal'd lip, and tenderly hath blent,

With the warm teaching of the sacred tale,
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
Now in the rosy mesh of infancy,
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring dove, and find no rest,
A pierc'd, a pitying, a redeeming hand,
May gently guide it to the ark of peace.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Go to thy rest, my child !
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefil'd,
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land
Where flowers so quickly fade,

Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn,
The dark and downward way.

Ere sin might wound the breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,

Shall love with weak embrace
Thine upward flight detain ?
No ! seek thy blessed place
Amid the angel train.

PROCRASTINATION.

“LIVE well to-day,” a spirit cries,
“To-day be good, to-day be wise;”
Why doth the loitering idler tell,
Another day will do as well?

“Now is the time, the accepted time,”
Speaks audibly the page sublime;
Another creed is heard to say,
“Wait till a more convenient day.”

Inquir'st thou which of these is truth?
Which to obey, unwary youth?
Go, ask of Nature in thy walk,
The rose-bud, dying on the stalk,
The scythe-shorn grass, the withering tree,
Are emblems of thy fate and thee.

Ask of the stream, or torrent hoarse,
To linger on their wonted course,
Ask of the bird its flight to stay,
Building its light nest on the spray,
And listen to their answering tone,
“A future day is not our own.”

And is it thine? Oh, spurn the cheat,
Resist the smooth, the dire deceit,
Lest while thou dream'st of long delay,
Thine hour of action pass away,
Thy prospects fade, thy joys be o'er,
Thy time of hope return no more.

Ask of the Roman, pale with fear,
While judgment thunder'd in his ear,
Who to a warning friend could say,
"I'll hear thee on a future day ;"
Ask him if time confirm'd his claim,
Or that good season ever came ?

Go ! ask yon dying man the price
Of one short hour of thoughtless vice ;
What would he pay—what treasure give,
For one brief season more to live,
One hour to spend in anxious care,
In duty, penitence, and prayer ?

Ask of the grave—how hoarse resounds
A voice from its sepulchral bounds,
' With me no hope, or knowledge shine,
Nor wisdom, nor device are mine."

Delay no longer, lest thy breath
Should quiver in the sigh of death,
But inward turn thy thoughtful view,
And what thy duty dictates, *do*.

THE SABBATH.

How dost thou keep the day
Which thy Creator blest ?
Beams it upon thee with the ray
Of sweet and holy rest ?

Dost thou from worldly care
And worldly thought refrain ?
And ask for wisdom in thy prayer,
To make thy duty plain ?

Dost thou thy faults lament ?
Thy countless mercies view ?
And strengthen every good intent ?
Each pious hope renew ?

Dost thou their presence shun,
Who daily waste their prime ?
Profaning till God's day is done,
Its consecrated time ?

Does musing thought aspire
To heaven's celestial train,
And hold communion with the choir,
Who charm the starry plain ?

Then shall the Sabbath prove
A golden chain to raise
Thy spirit to a world of love,
And purity and praise.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

GIVER of light!—who point'st the glorious sun
His destin'd way, and callest every star
Forth by its name, and causest day and night
To know their order, and to speak thy praise,
All powerful One, to whom creation sings
Its early matin, may my humble prayer
Blend with that chorus, while the rising dawn
Dispels the shadows and the damps of night.

Go forth my soul, on high devotion's wing,
And bear glad praises to thy Maker's ear,
Ere day awakes, or the rejoicing sun
Looks from his chamber on the blushing morn.

Oh Thou, whose throne is in the circling heavens,
Where the veil'd seraphs stand, thou wilt not scorn
The incense of the heart, though feebly pour'd,
Or sometimes mix'd with tears, for thou dost know
My frame, and thou rememberest I am dust.

But yet thine hand did mould this mass of clay,
And thy breath quicken it, nor should I blush
To lift my face to thee, to speak thy name,
And call thee Father, had not sin so stain'd,
Marr'd, and defac'd thy work.

Yet hear my prayers,
And as a parent guides and guards a child
Oft wandering, yet belov'd, so guide thou me
This day.

From snares of youth, from hidden ills,
Fruitless resolves, and fancies roving wild,
From vanity and pride, and dark deceit,
Or whatsoever else might wake the sting
Of conscience, wound another's peace, or break
'Thy holy law, save me this day, O God.

And let a warning voice say to my soul,
The pure and watchful eye of the high Judge
Is on thy ways, and still a viewless pen
Moves, never weary, to record thy deeds,
Thy words, thy secret motives, on a page
Not perishable, which the flame that burns
The scorch'd and shrivel'd skies, shall so reveal,
That every eye may read.

Father, thou know'st
All my temptations, my adversities,
My weaknesses and errors; suit thy gifts
Unto my needs, and not to my deserts
Imperfect.

Yet so guide me here on earth
That when I leave it, I may see thy face,
Where evil cannot come. So shall my prayer
Rise ceaseless to thee, and my soul repose
Upon thine arm of love, through every scene
Of this day's good or ill, or life or death.

And let my grateful strain, Giver of Good,
Rise with acceptance from this house of clay,
This brittle tenement, soon crush'd and broke;

Yea, bid me on the cold, dark flood of death,
Be joyful in thee,—bid me wake the harp
Of seraph rapture, hymning to the praise
Of Him who was, and is, and is to come,
When time shall be no more, and death shall die

BIRTH-DAY REQUESTS.

Oh Thou, whose tireless, ever-watchful care,
Presents another year and wakes the prayer,
Guide thou my steps,—direct my doubtful course,
Crush vain resolves, and error's dangerous force,
Impart the meek desire, the hope sublime,
And thoughts that soar above the scenes of time.

Grant thou, the zeal that seeks another's good,
And sets the seal to duty understood,
The humble mind, the sympathy sincere,
For joy, the smile—for misery, the tear,
Balm for the wounded—for the drooping; aid,
A tranquil trust, when ills of life invade,
The conscience clear that soothes to sweet repose
And the warm thrill that pure devotion knows.

Let ardent love to those who kindly strew
My path with flowers, be every morning new,
And lead me onward thro' each fair degree,
Of gratitude to them and trust in Thee.

What shall I ask, or what refrain to say?
Where shall I point, or how conclude my lay?
So much my weakness needs—so oft thy voice,
Assures that weakness, and confirms my choice.

Oh, grant me active days of peace and truth,
Strength to my heart, and wisdom to my youth,

**A sphere of usefulness—a soul to fill
That sphere with duty, and perform thy will.**

**But when, at last, the heavy shades shall fall
Of that dark night that comes but once to all,
Whether in youth, maturity, or age,
Let thy kind voice my rising pains assuage,
My hopes sustain, my gathering fears remove,
And fill my spirit with thy pardoning love.**

**Then strong in faith, I'd dare the threatening tides
Which this dark world from that of bliss divides,
Raise the dim eye to drink the smile of heaven,
Nerve the faint heart that feels its sins forgiven,
Meet with calm brow the billows' deafening roar,
And land rejoicing on the eternal shore.**

EXHIBITION OF A SCHOOL OF YOUNG LADIES.

How fair upon the admiring sight,
In Learning's sacred fane,
With cheek of bloom, and robe of white,
Glide on you graceful train!

Blest creatures! to whose gentle eye
Earth's gilded gifts are new,
Ye know not that distrustful sigh
Which deems its vows untrue.

There is a bubble on your cup
By buoyant fancy nurst,
How high its sparkling foam leaps up!
Ye do not think 'twill burst:

And be it far from me to fling
On budding joys a blight,
Or darkly spread a raven's wing
To shade a path so bright.

There twines a wreath around your brow
Blent with the sunny braid;
Love lends its flowers a radiant glow—
Ye do not think 'twill fade:

And yet 'twere safer there to bind
That plant of changeless dye,
Whose root is in the lowly mind,
Whose blossom in the sky.

But who o'er Beauty's form can hang,
Nor think how future years
May bring stern Sorrow's speechless pang,
Or Disappointment's tears.

Unceasing toil, unpitied care,
Cold treachery's serpent-moan—
Ills that the tender heart must bear
Unanswering and alone.

Yet as the frail and fragrant flower,
Crush'd by the sweeping blast,
Doth even in death an essence pour
The sweetest and the last,

So woman's deep, enduring love,
Which nothing can appal,
Her steadfast faith that looks above
For rest, can conquer all.

CHILD AT THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave! 'Tis there beneath the trees.
I love to go alone, and sit, and think,
Upon that grassy mound. My cradle hours
Come back again so sweetly, when I woke
And lifted up my head, to kiss the cheek
That bowed to meet me.

And I seem to feel
Once more the hand that smooth'd my clustering
 curls,
And led me to the garden, pointing out
Each fragrant flower and bud, or drawing back
My foot, lest I should careless crush the worm
That crawl'd beside one.

And that gentle tone,
Teaching to pat the house-dog, and be kind
To the poor cat, and spare the little flies
Upon the window, and divide my bread
With those that hunger'd, and bow meekly down
To the gray-headed man, and look with love
On all whom God had made.

And then her hymn
At early evening, when I went to rest,
And folded closely to her bosom, sat
Joining my cheek to her's, and pouring out
My broken music, with her tuneful strain:—

Comes it not back again that holy hymn,
Even now upon my ear?

But when I go
To my lone bed, and find no mother there,
And weeping kneel to say the prayer she taught,
Or when I read the Bible that she lov'd,
Or to her vacant seat at church draw near,
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
Bidding me early seek my God, and love
My blessed Saviour.—

Sure that voice is her's,—
I know it is, because these were the words
She us'd to speak so tenderly, with tears,
At the still twilight-hour, or when we walk'd
Forth in the Spring amid rejoicing birds,
Or whispering talk'd beside the winter fire.

—Mother ! I'll keep these precepts in my heart,
And do thy bidding.

Then, when God shall say
My days are finish'd, will he give me leave
To come to thee? And can I find thy home,
And see thee with thy glorious garments on,
And kneel at the Redeemer's feet, and beg
That where the mother is the child may dwell?

**ON MEETING PUPILS AT THE COMMUNION
TABLE.**

When gathering round a Saviour's board,
Fair forms, and brows belov'd, I see,
Who once the paths of peace explor'd,
And trac'd the studious page with me,

Who from my side with pain would part,
My entering steps with gladness greet,
And pour complacent, o'er my heart,
Affection's dew-drops, pure and sweet,

When now, from each remember'd face
Beam tranquil hope, and faith benign,
When in each eye Heaven's smile I trace,
The tear of joy suffuses mine.

Father! I bless thy ceaseless care,
Which thus its holiest gifts hath shed,
Guide thou their steps through every snare,
From every danger shield their head.

From treacherous error's dire control,
From pride, from change, from darkness, free,
Preserve each timorous, trusting soul,
That like the ark-dove flies to thee.

And may the wreath that cloudless days
Around our hearts so fondly wove,

Still bind us, till we speak thy praise,
As sister spirits, one in love,—

One, where no lingering ill can harm,
One, where no stroke of fate can sever,
Where nought but holiness doth charm,
And all that charms shall live forever.

DEATH OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

"He gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom."—*Isaiah*.

LAMB! in a clime of verdure,
Thy favourite lot was cast,
No serpent 'mid thy flow'ry food,
Upon thy fold no blast.—

Thine were the crystal fountains,
And thine a cloudless sky,
Amid thy sports a star of love,
Thy play-mate brother's eye.

Approving guides caress'd thee,
Where'er thy footsteps rov'd ;
The ear that heard thee bless'd thee,
The eye that saw thee lov'd.

Yet life hath snares and sorrows
From which no friend can save,
And evils might have thron'd thy path,
Which thou wert weak to brave.

There is a Heavenly Shepherd,
And ere thy infant charms
Had caught the tinge of care or wo,
He call'd thee to his arms.

And though the shadowy valley,
With Death's dark frown was dim,
Light cheer'd the stormy passage,
And thou art safe with Him.

SAILOR'S HYMN.

WHEN the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native land recedes,
While the wild and treacherous main
Takes us to her breast again,
Father! view a sailor's wo,—
Guide us wheresoe'er we go.—

When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent, on the mighty deep;
While the boisterous surges hoarse,
Bear us darkly on our course;
Eye, that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on our head.

When the sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer;
Spirit! let thy presence be,
Sabbath to the unresting sea.

When the raging billows dark,
Thundering toss our threatened bark;
Thou, who on the whelming wave
Didst the meek disciple save—
Thou who hear'st us when we pray,
Jesus! Saviour! be our stay.

When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred and from home,
Stranger eyes our conduct viewing,
Heathen bands our steps pursuing,
Let our conversation be
Fitting those that follow thee.

Should pale Death, with arrow dread
Make the ocean-caves our bed,
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave shall be—
Thou ! who hear'st the surges roll,
Deign to save the Sailor's soul.

A FATHER, AND HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

COME, gather closer to my side
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock,

Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide,—
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide?

Of her who could to wisdom's lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove,
Come press your velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;

My sheltering arms shall clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng,
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustom'd strain,
Come, warble loud and clear ;
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear ;

Good night—go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed ;
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife ;

But who, upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write ?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?
Dear, smitten flock, good night !

SCHOLAR'S TRIBUTE TO AN INSTRUCTOR.

As when an eye, accustomed to survey,
The changeful aspect of an April day,
Turns back regretful to the purple dawn,
Or morning's rose-tint on the dewy lawn;
So I, from life's delusions, vain and wild,
Retrace the scenes that charm'd me when a child.

Yet most I love those softly blending shades,
Where youth just glimmers, and where childhood
fades;

And 'mid that cherish'd imagery I see,
Revered instructor, many a trace of thee,
Thy footsteps on the grass, all fresh with dew,
Thy gentle hands where early snow-drops grew.

Too oft had critic rigour harshly doom'd
My buds of promise, withering ere they bloom'd,
Or cold neglect appal'd with freezing eye
A lonely mind, that shrank, it knew not why;
But thou didst stoop to shield that timid mind,
Wise as a teacher, as a parent kind,
With studious care, its wayward course to lead,
And nurse the music of the whispering reed.

A plant of feeble stem, thou would'st not mock,
Rude as the flowers that clothe the Alpine rock,
Nor blight its tendrils with a causeless pang,
Nor scorn it, though from lowly bed it sprang;

But watch'd its rooting with a florist's care,
Rais'd its wan blossoms to a genial air,
And o'er its narrow leaves, and bending head,
Pure dews of knowledge and of virtue shed.

Even now of stature frail, and low degree,
More weak and worthless than it ought to be,
It turns to him its shrinking buds that blest,
And pours fresh fragrance from a grateful breast.

Yet more than what I speak, to thee I owe,
And richer gifts than strains so weak can show;
Thy warning voice allur'd my listening youth
To seek the path of piety and truth,
And heaven's first hopes, as vernal sunbeams roll,
Dawn'd from thy prayers upon my waiting soul.

Oh, ever free from pain, and doubt, and strife,
Flow on the current of thy tranquil life,
Pure as the streams that o'er white pebbles glide,
And mix reproachless with a mightier tide,
Bright as the star, whose trembling lamp on high
Precedes the morn, and gilds the evening sky,
Till time's brief tide the eternal sea shall stay,
And earth's dim lights at glory's sun decay.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN morning from the damps of night,
 Beams o'er the eye in rosy light,
 And calls thee forth with smile benign;
 Ah think! whose heart responds to thine,
 And still with sympathy divine,
 Remember me.

When gentle twilight, pure and calm,
 Comes leaning on Reflection's arm;
 When o'er the throng of cares and woes
 Her veil of sober tint she throws
 Wooing the spirit to repose.
 Remember me.

When the first star with crescent orb,
 Gleams lonely o'er the arch of night,
 When through the fleecy clouds that dance,
 The moon sends forth her timid glance,
 Then gazing on that pure expanse,
 Remember me.

When mournful sighs the hollow wind,
 And pensive thought enwraps the mind,
 If e'er thy heart in sorrow's tone,
 To musing melancholy prone,
 Should sigh, because it feels alone,
 Remember me.

When stealing to thy secret bower,
Devotion claims her holy hour,
When bowing o'er that sacred page
Whose spirit curbs affliction's rage,
Controls our youth, sustains our age,
Remember me.

Oh! yet indulge the ardent claim,
While friendship's heart the wish can frame,
For brief and transient is my lay,
And mingling soon with kindred clay,
This silent lip no more shall say,
Remember me.

And when in deep oblivion's shade,
This breathless, mouldering form is laid,
If near that bed thy step should rove,
With one short prayer, by feeling wove,
One glance of faith one tear of love
Remember me.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED PASTOR.

I do remember him. His saintly voice,
 So duly lifted in the house of God,
 Comes with the far-off wing of infant years,
 Like solemn music.

Often have we hush'd
 The shrillest echo of our holiday,
 Turning our mirth to reverence as he past,
 And eager to record one favouring smile,
 Or word paternal.

At the bed of death
 I do remember him; when one who bore
 For me a tender love, did feel that pang
 Which makes the features rigid, and the eye
 Like a fix'd glassy orb. Her head was white
 With many winters; but her furrow'd brow
 To me was beautiful; for she had cheer'd
 My lonely childhood, with a changeless stream
 Of pure benevolence.

His earnest tone
 Girding her from the armoury of God,
 To foil the terrors of that shadowy vale
 Through which she walk'd, doth linger round me
 still;
 And by that gush of bitter tears, when grief
 First came into my bosom; by that thrill
 Of agony, which from the open'd grave
 Rose wildly forth—I do remember him,
 The comforter and friend.

When fancy's smile,
Gilding youth's scenes, and promising to bring
The curtain'd morrow fairer than to-day,
Did kindle wilder gayety than fits
Beings so frail—how oft his funeral prayer
Over some shrouded sleeper, made a pause
In folly's song, or warn'd her roving eye,
That all man's glory was the flower of grass.
Beneath the mower's scythe.

His fourscore years
Sat lightly on him ; for his heart was glad,
Even to the latest pulse, with that fond love,
Home-nurtur'd, and reciprocal, which girds
And garners up in sorrow or in joy.

I was not with the weepers, when the hearse
Stood all expectant at his pleasant door,
And other voices from his pulpit said,
That he was not ; but yet the requiem-sigh
Of that sad organ, in its sable robe,
Made melancholy music for my dreams.

—And so, farewell, thou who didst shed the dew
Baptismal on mine infancy, and lead
To the Redeemer's sacred board a guest,
Timid and unassured, yet gathering strength
From the blest promise of Jehovah's aid
Unto the early seeker.

When once more
My native spot unfolds that pictur'd chart
Unto mine eye, which in my heart I hold,

Rocks, woods, and waters, exquisitely blent,
Thy cordial welcome I no more can hear,
Father and guide; nor can I hope to win
Thy glance from glory's mansion, while I say
This wild-flower garland on thine honour'd tomb

GRATITUDE.

Lines written on planting slips of Geranium and Constaney at the
Grave of a venerated Friend.

LITTLE plant, of slender form,
Fair and shrinking from the storm,
Lift thou here thy fragrant head,
Bloom in this uncultur'd bed.

Thou, of firmer spirit, too,
Stronger texture, deeper hue,
Dreading not the blasts that sweep,
Rise, and guard its infant sleep.

Fear ye not the awful shade
Where the bones of men are laid ;
Short like yours their transient date,
Keen has been the scythe of fate.

Forth, as plants in glory drest,
They came, upon the green earth's breast
Sent forth their roots to reach the stream,
Their blossoms toward the rising beam,
They drank the morning's balmy breath,
And sank at eve, in withering death.

Rest here, meek plants, for few intrude
To trouble this deep solitude ;
But should the giddy footstep tread
Upon the ashes of the dead,

Still let the hand of rashness spare
These tokens of affection's care,
Nor pluck the tender leaves that wave
In sweetness o'er this sainted grave.

White were the locks that thinly shed
Their snows around her honour'd head,
And furrows not to be effac'd,
Had age amid her features trac'd,
Before my earliest strength I tried
In infant gambols by her side ;
But yet no grace or beauty rare
Were ever to my eye so fair.

Seven times the sun, with swift career,
Has mark'd the circle of the year,
Since first she press'd her lowly bier ;
And seven times, sorrowing, have I come
Alone and wandering through the gloom,
To pour my lays upon her tomb :
And I have mourn'd, to see her bed
With brambles and with thorns o'erspread.

Ah, surely, round her place of rest
I should not let the coarse weed twine,
Who so the couch of pain hath blest,
The path of penury freely drest,
And scatter'd such perfumes on mine :
It is not meet, that she should be
Forgotten or unblest by me

My plants, that in your hallow'd beds
Like strangers raise your trembling heads,
Drink the pure dew that evening sheds,
And meet the morning's earliest ray,
And catch the sunbeams when they play ;—
And if your cups are fill'd with rain,
Shed back those drops in tears again ;
Or if the gale that sweeps the heath,
Too roughly o'er your leaves should breathe,
Then sigh for her,—and when you bloom,
Scatter your fragrance o'er her tomb.

But should you, smit with terror, cast
Your unblown blossoms on the blast,
Or faint beneath the vertic heat,
Or fail when wintry tempests beat,
There is a plant of changeless bloom,
And it shall deck this honour'd tomb,
Not blanch'd with frost, or drown'd with rain,
Or by the breath of winter slain,—
But every morn its buds renew'd
Are by the tears of evening dew'd,—
This is the plant of gratitude.

TO AN ABSENT CHILD.

WHERE art thou, bird of song,
Brightest one, and dearest ?
Other groves among,
Other nests thou cheerest.

Sweet thy warbling skill
To each ear that heard thee,
But 'twas sweetest still
To the heart that rear'd thee.

Lamb !—where dost thou rest ?
On stranger bosoms lying ?
Flowers thy path that drest,
All uncropped are dying ;

Streams where thou didst roam
Murmur on without thee,—
Lov'st thou still thy home ?
Can thy mother doubt thee ?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,
To his blest fold going ;
Seek that smitten rock
Whence our peace is flowing .

Still would Love rejoice,
Whatsoever betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
Evermore might guide thee.

THE SIXTH BIRTH-DAY.

I THINK this morning of a feeble babe,
To whom the gift of life did seem a toil
It shrank to bear.—And I remember well,
The care that nurtur'd her, both night and day
When it would seem as if the fainting breath
Must leave her bosom, and her fair blue eye
Sank 'neath its lids, like some crushed violet.

Six winters came, and now that self-same babe
Wins with her needle the appointed length
Of her light task, and learns with patient zeal
The daily lesson, tracing on her map
All climes and regions of the peopled earth.
With tiny hand, she guides the writer's quill,
Graving those lines through which the soul doth
speak,
And pours in timid tones her hymn at eve.

She, from the pictur'd page, doth scan the tribes
That revel in the air, or cleave the flood,
Or roam the wild, delighting much to know
Their various natures, and their habits all,
From the huge elephant, to the small fly
That liveth but a day, yet in that day
Is happy, and outspreads a shining wing,
Exulting in the mighty Maker's care.

She weeps that men should barb the monarch whale
In his wild ocean-home, and wound the dove,

And to the slaughter lead the trusting lamb,
And snare the pigeon hasting to its nest
To feed its young, and hunt the flying deer,
And find a pleasure in the pain he gives.

She tells the sweetly modulated tale
To her young brother, and devoutly cheers
At early morning, seated on his knee,
Her hoary grandsire from the Book of God,
Who meekly happy in his fourscore years,
Heeds not the dimness gathering o'er his sight,
But with a saintly kindness bows him down
To drink from her young lip the lore he loves.

Fond, gentle child, who like a flower that hastes
To burst its sheath, hath come so quickly forth,
A sweet companion, walking by my side.—
In tender love, lift thy young heart to God —
That whatsoe'er doth please him in thy life
He may perfect, and by his Spirit's power
Remove each germ of evil, that thy soul,
When this brief discipline of time is o'er,
May rise to praise him with an angel's song.

THE FIRESIDE.

"SAY, what have you brought to our own fireside?"

'Twas the mother's voice that spake,—
"Hark! hear the wint'ry tempest chide,—
But peace and joy shall with us abide,—
O cherish them for my sake.

"A common stock is our happiness here,—
Each heart must contribute its mite,—
The bliss to swell, or the pain to cheer,—
Son, and daughter, and husband dear,
What have you brought to-night?"

Then the studious boy from the storied page
Look'd up with a thoughtful eye;
That knowledge was there which doth charm the sage,
And shine like a flame thro' the frost of age,
With radiant majesty.

A girl was there, like a rose on its stem,
And her bird-like song she pour'd;
Beauty and music a brilliant gem
Shook from their sparkling diadem,
To enrich the evening hoard.

By a pale, sick child, was a treasure brought,—
The smile of patient trust,
For disease had a precious moral wrought,
And quiet and pure was her chasten'd thought,
As a pearl by the rude sea nurs'd.

A fair babe woke on its cradle-bed,
And clung to the mother's breast,
But soon to the knee of its sire it sped,
Love was its gift, and the angels said
That the baby's gift was best.

Then the father spake, with a grateful air,
Of the God whom his youth had known,
And the mother's sigh of tender care,
Went up in the shape of a winged prayer,
And was heard before the Throne.

ALICE.

A very interesting young lady, deprived of the gifts of hearing and speech, cherished a most ardent affection for her father. At his death, she said in her strong language of gesture, that "her heart had so grown to his, that it could not be separated."—In a few days she was called to follow him.—From those happy mansions where we trust she is received, may we not imagine her thus addressing the objects of her earliest affections?

SISTERS! there's music here,
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere
Nor pause nor discord knows.

The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine,
And what through life I pined to hear,
Is mine! Is mine!
The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir,
And the full, deep response of David's sacred lyre

Did kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmony,
That thus the melodies of Heaven might roll
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my
wondering soul?

Joy!—I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness, are o'er;
Sweet sisters, dry your tears.

Listen at hush of eve,—listen at dawn of day—
 List at the hour of prayer, can ye not hear my lay?
 Untaught, unchecked it came,
 As light from chaos beam'd,
 Praising his everlasting name,
 Whose blood from Calvary stream'd,
 And still it swells that highest strain, the song of
 the redeem'd.

Brother!—my only one,
 Belov'd from childhood's hours,
 With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
 I wandered when our task was done,
 And gathered early flowers;
 I cannot come to thee,
 Though 'twas so sweet to rest
 Upon thy gently-guiding arm—thy sympathizing
 breast:
 'Tis better here to be.

No disappointments shroud
 The angel-bowers of joy,
 Our knowledge hath no cloud.
 Our pleasures no alloy.

The fearful word—to part,
 Is never breathed above;
 Heaven hath no broken heart—
 Call me not hence, my love.

Oh mother! He is here
 To whom my soul so grew,

That when Death's fatal spear
Stretch'd him upon his bier,
I fain must follow too.

His smile my infant grief restrain'd—
His image in my childish dream
And o'er my young affections reign'd
With gratitude unuttered, and supreme.
But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in
radiant glow,
I know not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's
heart doth owe.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?
Ask ye, if filial love
Unbodied spirits prove?
'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to soothe thy woes,
How near—thou canst not see,
I watch thy lone repose,
Alice doth comfort thee;
To welcome thee, I wait—blest mother! come to
me.

LOUISA.

SHE was my idol. Night and day, to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-bud, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.

To find her fairy footsteps following mine,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long seal'd to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp, that yields
To the slight-finger'd breeze, and as it held
Gay converse with her doll, or gently sooth'd
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conn'd o'er the alphabet—but most of all,
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer,
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with curious pride
I wrought, as though there were a need to deck
A form that God had made so beautiful.
Sometimes I start, fancying her empty crib
Gives forth a restless sound, and softly say,
“Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest!”—then I weep.

As if it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!

Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling, like the bliss of heaven?

THE OLD MAN.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children, young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And lay her soft hand on my head,
And bending, pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed;
Harsh voices warn'd me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side;
Yet, ah, strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied,

That eve I knelt me down in wo,
To say a lonely prayer;
And still my temples seem'd to glow,
As if that hand was there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy
Gay sports, and pastimes dear ;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
But ere, at night, I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reel'd ;
Yet still, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd—
Blest mother, was it thine ?

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,
My full pulse bounding high :
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye.—

Even then, that hand, so soft and cold,
Maintain'd its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
With gentle force it lay ;

And with it sighed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
“ My son, my only one, beware !
Sin not against thy God.”

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,

And dimm'd the tablet of the soul ;
Yet when with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm display'd
That awes the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd
These manly locks among,

That hallow'd touch was ne'er forgot ;
And now, though time hath set
His seal of frost that melteth not
My temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer—
A mother's hand, and tender tear,
Still pointing to a Saviour dear.
Have led the wanderer there.

BURIAL OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

"The only daughter of an Indian woman, in Wisconsin territory, died of lingering consumption, at the age of eighteen. A few of her own race, and a few of the whites, were at the grave; but none wept, save the poor mother."

Herald of the Upper Mississippi.

A WAIL upon the prairies,—
 A cry of woman's wo,—
 That mingleth with the autumn blast,
 All fitfully and low.
 It is a mother's wailing!—
 Hath earth another tone
 Like that with which a mother mourns,
 Her lost, her only one?—

Pale faces gather round her,—
 They mark the storm swell high,
 That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
 But their cold, blue eyes were dry.
 Pale faces gazed upon her,
 As the wild winds caught her moan,—
 But she was an Indian mother,—
 So, she wept those tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,
 She watch'd and toil'd and pray'd,
 Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
 Some ravage Death had made:
 Till the fleshless sinews started,
 And hope no opiate gave,

**And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.**

**She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress,
And dove-like were the tones that breath'd
Her bosom's tenderness;—
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent.**

**I said Consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain;
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplor'd her pain:—
None, save that widow'd mother,
Who now, by her open tomb
Is writhing like the smitten wretch
Whom judgment marks for doom.**

**Alas! that lowly cabin,
That couch beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn,
That ripeneth on the plain,
Since she, for whom the board was spread,
Must ne'er return again?**

**Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden!—
Nor let thy murmuring shade**

Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
Thy burial-rite survey'd ;—
There's many a king, whose funeral
A black-rob'd realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed,
Like that which falls for thee.

Yes, rest thee, forest-maiden !
Beneath thy native tree ;
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust like thee ;
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom Nature nor affection mourns,
As now they mourn for thee.

THE CREATOR EVER PRESENT.

SEE, how the year in changeful garb appears,—

First, in its cloudy mantle, moist with showers,
Most like a timid child, 'mid smiles and tears;

Next, as a blooming maiden crowned with flowers;
Then like a matron lulling infant hours

To gentle sleep, with soft, melodious chime;
Then weak and hoary, with enfeebled powers,

And bent beneath the wintry hand of time;
And last, with magic strange, renews her early
prime.

But still, where'er the varying seasons tread,

Whether with songs of vernal birds they rove,
Or freshly deck the hillock's grassy head,

Or in the reaper's dance rejoicing move,
Or strew with falling leaves the solemn grove;

Still to the thoughtful eye their change is fair,
And still they claim the grateful lay of love

From the meek soul, that feels its Maker's care,
Beholds him in his works, and joys to praise him
there.

Thou art in every place, Being Supreme!—

Best seen and worshipp'd in thy court above;
Yet here, on earth, thy countenance doth beam

With rays of terror, majesty, and love,
And joys unspeakable thy smile doth move;

Yet none may veil him from thy piercing sight,
Escape thy hand, or from thy presence rove,

Or hide in secret cells, close wrapp'd in night,—
For unto thee, the darkness shineth as the light.

Thou dwellest where the curtain'd whirlwinds hide,
Where the arm'd thunder walks its awful round,
Thou on the tempest of the night dost ride,
Flames mark thy path, and clouds thy car surround,
And winds are rais'd, and mighty billows sound,
While from thine eye the winged lightnings part;
Thou in the highest arch of heaven art found,
In the dark regions of the earth thou art,
And in the humble cell of the repentant heart.

If e'er the storms of life, with fearful rage,
Upon my lone, unshelter'd head should blow,
Or trembling down the slippery steep of age,
My weak and unsupported footsteps go,
My locks all white with weariness and wo,
Eternal Father, and Eternal Friend,
Still let my bosom at thy presence glow,
Still let my trusting prayer to thee ascend,
And ever to my wants thy kind compassions lend

THE VILLAGE.

THE farmer, fill'd with honest pleasure, sees
His orchards blushing in the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks, the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods, the wintry hearth to feed,
His patient steers, that break the yielding soil,
His hardy sons, who share their father's toil,
The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
An equal burden in the yoke of care,
With vigorous arm, the flying shuttle heaves,
Or from the press the golden cheese receives;
Her pastime, when the daily task is o'er,
With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door;
Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
Exchange the news, or make the stocking grow,—
Then hale and cheerful, to her home repair,
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
Press the full udder for her children's meal,
Rock the tir'd babe, and wake the tuneful wheel.

See,—toward yon dome where village science dwells
When the church-clock its warning summons swells
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gayly gather from each rustic door.
The new-wean'd child, with murmuring tone proceeds,
Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,

**Transferr'd as burdens, that the housewife's care
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.**

**Light-hearted group, who carol loud and high,
Bright daisies cull, or chase the butterfly,
Till by some traveller's wheel arous'd from play,
The stiff salute with glance demure they pay,
Bare the curl'd brow, or stretch the sunburnt hand,
The simple homage of an artless land.**

**The stranger marks amid their joyous line,
The little baskets whence they hope to dine,
And larger books, as if their dexterous art,
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part:—
Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.**

**Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride;
From germs like these have mighty statesmen
sprung,**

**Of prudent counsel and persuasive tongue;
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves by early labour strong;
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought,
And white-haired sages, sold to studious thought;
Chiefs, whose bold step the field of battle trod,
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.**

**Here, 'mid the graves by time so sacred made,
The poor, lost Indian slumbers in the shade,—
He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftness cleave**

In ancient days yon pure, cerulean wave ;
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,
Through darkness followed, and in death embraced,
He sleeps an outlaw 'mid his forfeit land,
And grasps the arrow in his mouldered hand

Here, too, our patriot sires with honour rest,
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast ;—
Sprung from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry
Of threatened liberty went thrilling by,
Looked to their God, and reared, in bulwark round,
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil em-
brown'd,
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield—
Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field ;
Lo ! here they rest, who every danger braved,
Unmarked, untrophied, 'mid the soil they saved.

Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance
glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide,
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crowned,
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound.

The exile there, when midnight shades invade,
Couch'd in his hut, or camping on the glade,
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
The boatman's song that charmed his boyish ear ;
While the sad mother 'mid her children's mirth,
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,

Or cheers her rustic babes with tender tales
Of thee, blest village, and thy velvet vales ;
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,
The simple school, and Sabbath's tuneful bell ;
And smiles to see the infant soul expand,
With proud devotion for that father-land.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

"The way is long,"—the father said,
While through the western wild he sped,
With eager searching eye.
"Cheer ye, my babes,"—the mother cried,
And drew them closer to her side,
As frown'd the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,
A log rear'd cabin's roof they view'd,
And its low shelter blest ;
On the rough floor their simple bed,
In haste and weariness, they spread,
And laid them down to rest.

On leathern hinge the doors were hung,
Undeck'd with glass the casement swung,
The smoke-wreath stain'd the wall ;
Yet here *they* found their only home,
Who once had rul'd the spacious dome
And pac'd the pictur'd hall.

But hearts with pure affections warm,
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,
Did in that cell abide ;
And there the wife her husband cheer'd,
And there her little ones she rear'd,
And there in hope she died.

The lonely man still plough'd the soil,
Tho' she, who long had sooth'd his toil,

No more partook his care,
But in her place a daughter rose,
As from some broken stem there grows
A blossom fresh and fair.

With tireless hand the board she spread,
The Holy Book at evening read,
And when, with serious air,
He saw her bend so sweetly mild
And lull to sleep the moaning child,
He blest her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footstep staid,
And down the woodman's axe he laid—
The fever-flame was high ;
No more the forest fear'd his stroke,
He fell, as falls the smitten oak,
The emigrant must die.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,
His baby when the mother died,
How desolate she stands ;
While gazing on his death-struck eye
His kneeling sons with anguish cry,
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold ?
Who bows to chafe his temples cold ?
In beauty's opening prime ;
That blessed daughter, meek of heart,
Who, for his sake, a matron's part
Had borne before her time.

That gasp, that groan,—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er,
The manly breast must heave no more,
The heart no longer pine;
Oh, 'Thou, who feed'st the raven's nest,
Confirm once more thy promise blest,
"The fatherless are mine."

THE MOURNER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement roll'd, and a slight form
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood
Reached the paternal threshold. Wrathful night
Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung
On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.

She stood and shiver'd, but no mother's hand
Dry'd those damp tresses, and with warm caress
Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand
Was with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Gray and sad,
The tottering nurse rose up ; and that old man,
The soldier servant, who had train'd the steeds
Of her slain brothers for the battle field,
Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain,
Where her sick father pined.

Oft had he yearn'd
For her sweet presence ; oft, in midnight's watch
Mus'd of his dear one's smile, till dreams restor'd
The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip
Breathing his woes away.

While distant far,
She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring stil
In the heart's casket, a fond father's smile,
And the pure music of his welcome home,
Rich payment of her labours.

But there came
A summons of surprise, and on the wings

Of filial love she hasted.

—'Twas too late :

The lamp of life still burn'd, yet 'twas too late.
The mind had passed away, and who could call
Its wing from out the sky ?

For the embrace

Of strong idolatry, was but the glare
Of a fix'd, vacant eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The passive hand was grasp'd, and the wide halls
Re-echoed "*father ! father !*"

Through the shades

Of that long silent night, she sleepless bent,
Bathing with tireless hand the unmoved brow,
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair man
Came with its rose-tint up, she shrieking clasp'd
Her hands in joy, for its reviving ray
Flush'd that worn brow, as if with one brief trace
Of waken'd intellect. '*T'was seeming all :*
And Hope's fond vision faded as the day
Rode on in glory.

Eve her curtain drew,

And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch
Toss'd the sick man. Cold Lethargy had steep'd
Its last dead poppy in his heart's red stream,
And agony was stirring Nature up
To struggle with her foe.

"Father in Heaven!

Oh, let him sleep!"—sigh'd an imploring voice;
And then she ran to hush the measur'd tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl
That clinging to the casement hoarsely pour'd
A boding note. But soon from that lone couch
Thick-coming groans announce the foe that strikes
But once.

They bare the fainting girl away;
And paler than that ashen corse, her face,
Half by a flood of ebon tresses hid,
Droop'd o'er her nurse's shoulder. It was sad
To see a young heart breaking, while the old
Sank down to rest.

There was another change.
The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,
And groups came gathering to the gate where stood
The sable hearse. Friends throng'd with heavy
heart,
And curious villagers, intent to scan
The lordly mansion, and cold worldly men,
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud
Revolving selfish schemes.

But one was there,
To whom all earth could render nothing back,
Like that pale piece of clay. Calmly she stood
As marble statue. Not one trickling tear,
Or quivering of the eye-lid, told she liv'd,
Or tasted sorrow. The old house-dog came,

Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unrepov'd.

He for his master mourn'd.

And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length thro' many a fireside hour
Stretch'd at her father's feet? who round his bed
Of sickness watch'd with wakeful, wondering eye
Of changeless sympathy? No, round his neck
Her infant arms had clasp'd, and still he rais'd
His noble front beside her, proud to guard
The last, lov'd relic of his master's house.

The deadly calmness of that mourner's brow
Was a deep riddle to the lawless thought
Of whispering gossips. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffer'd not the winds of heaven to touch
The tresses of his darling, and who dream'd
In the warm passion of his heart's sole love
She was a mate for angels. Bold they gaz'd
Upon her tearless cheek, and murmuring said,
"How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd."

Oh woman! oft misconstrued! the pure pearls
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing and impatient hand
To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
Though the blanch'd lip breath'd out no boisterous
 plaint
Of common grief.

Even on to life's decline,
Amid the giddy round of prosperous years,
The birth of new affections, and the joys
That cluster round earth's favourites, there walk'd
Still at her side, the image of her sire,
As in that hour when his cold glazing eye
Met h^{er}'s, and knew her not. When her full cup
Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance,
Checking its effervescence, taught her soul
The chasten'd wisdom of attemper'd bliss.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—to die, to die;
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compell'd,
How can'st thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?

To him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.

If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail,
Forgive! Forgive! thy task doth cease,
Friend! Lover! let us part in peace.

That thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or trifling stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,—
I blame thee not; the strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrain'd to hold the breath of God.

Well hast thou in my service wrought,
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought;
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy tear to speak my sorrows flow'd ;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies ;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon my errands run ;—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
Faithful and true ! farewell, farewell.

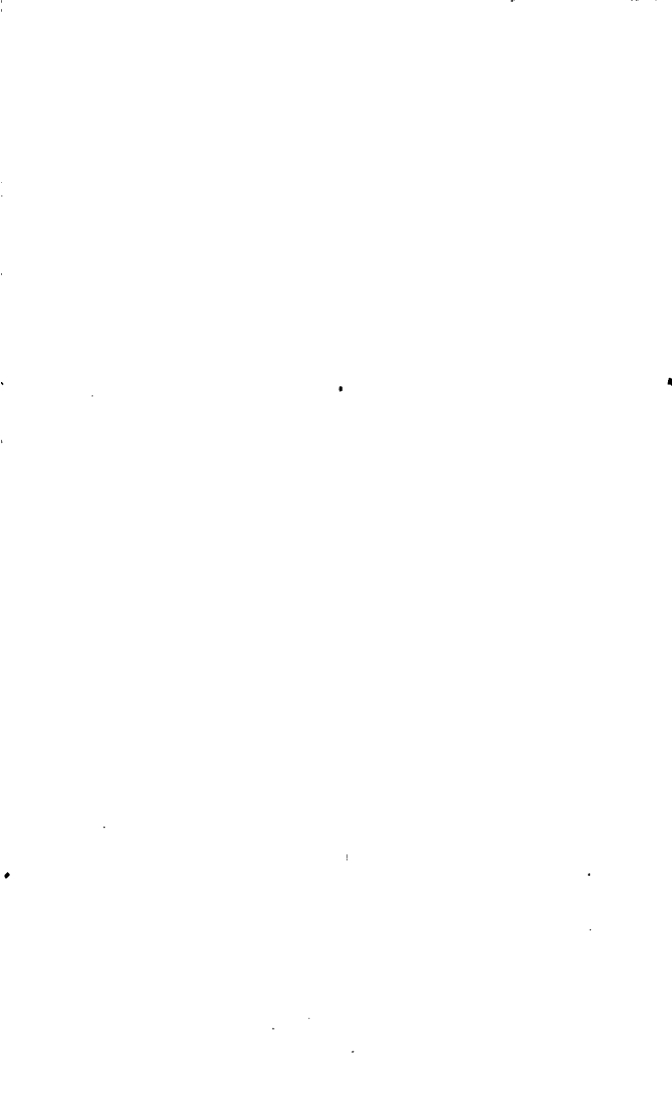
Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread.
Where I no more thy sleep can break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

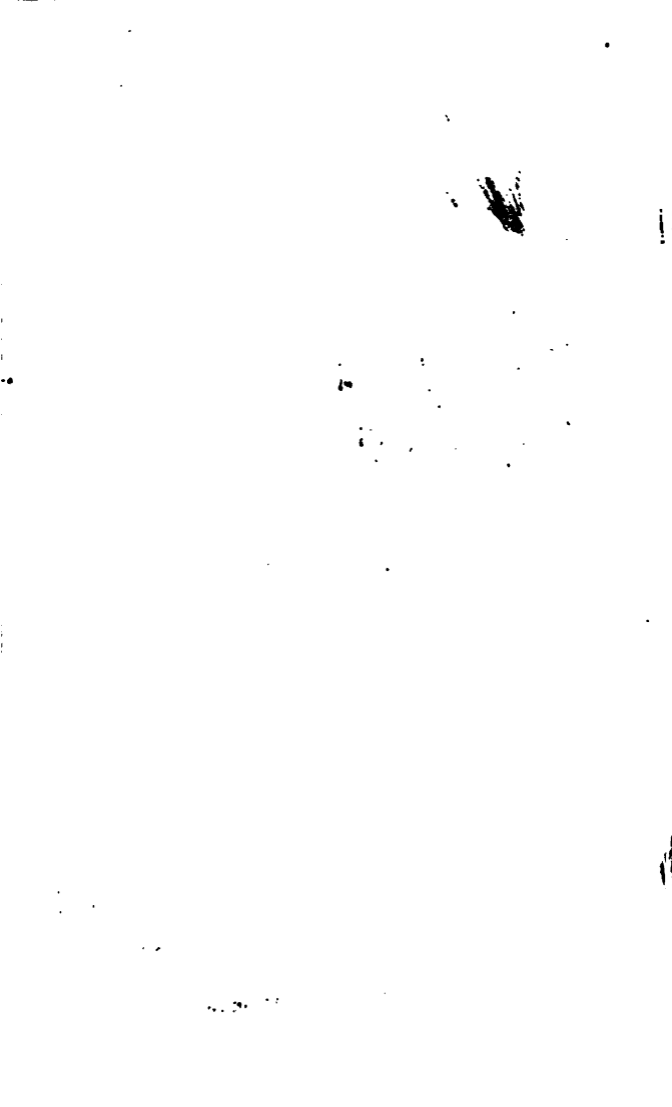
Oh quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy grasp and groan of pain
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
Tho' angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.

Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain,
Remember, we shall meet again ;
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet-ring.
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.

Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality."







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